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LOW'S MIXTURE

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POETRY AND PROSE.



LOW'S MIXTURE

or

POETRY AND PROSE.

BY

ALEXANDER LOW,

SOMETIME IN CUPAR ANGUS AND CRAIL-NOW IN MONTROSE,

Thy succours I implore Eternal King,"-Blair.

MONTROSE:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1841.



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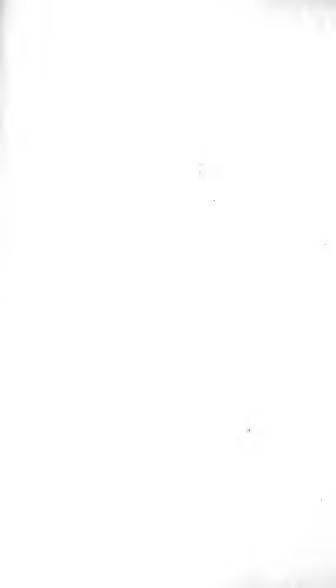
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PREFACE.

In giving to the public that which was not written for publication, an explanation is not only required, but it would be uncourteous, uncivil, ungenteel, unmannerly, if not rude, not to make a very humble apology for presuming to lay before them such a production. The only explanation, however, which the Author thinks necessary to make; is, that having been earnestly solicited by many of his friends to publish his Scraps of Poetry and Prose in a collected form, he has complied with their wishes; and thus the greater part of the pieces, which were generally composed in compliance with the requests of friends and acquaintances, or were delivered extempore, and on the spur of the moment, at social parties (being always done with a design to please, and to increase the harmony and hilarity of the company), are now submitted to the eye of a discerning, generous, kind, and forgiving public.

The Author, however, confesses, that in many of the attempts he has failed in pleasing himself, and he trusts, therefore, that those who may read the work will overlook the faults, and find a few good things among so much rubbish; at all events, he has carefully studied to do as little harm, and as much good as possible.

MONTROSE, December, 1840.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR, BY HIM-SELF.

Who, and what is such a one, is a very common question; and this query is likely to be more earnestly put, when any new author appears. The public have an undoubted right to be informed, as far as is possible, concerning any one who presumes to be an author; although some may be of the opinion, that it does not so much matter who or what the writer be, so that he write well. Although I may attempt to give an outline of my life, as far as it has already gone, I have kept no diary; and, therefore, anything contained herein is entirely from memory, and cannot be so concise as I would wish. Nor do I make this attempt, because I think there is any thing very remarkable in my life; but chiefly, that, as it may happen to come in the way of any young persons, they may avoid at least some of the errors into which I have fallen.

As I am sprung from a line of ancestry, many of whom were much higher in rank than myself, some notice of them, as far as my memory and traditional information serve, may be at least amusing. I shall begin so far back as my great-grandfather, whose name was Abraham Low (in those days called Abraham the Blacksmith). It appears, from the many traditional fairy tales that were and still are told of him, that he was a very ingenious man, and better than common at his trade. The good credulous folks of

these days (the sixteenth century) believed he had more than ordinary human wisdom, and that he obtained that wisdom from the fairies (or "guidly neipers," as they were then called); a race of beings that could do great feats, chiefly at night, and could make themselves visible or invisible as they pleased—a kind of half-spiritual, half-human beings. Owing to this reason, it became a common saying, "I'll tell you a tale of Abraham Low and the fairies." It is storied of these elfs, that they often took away children (infants, I mean), and that they, as was then sacredly believed, if not carefully watched, would, immediately after its birth, take a good, and replace a bad child for it. This I have heard gravely affirmed. But let us return to Abraham's acquaintance with these little active and powerful beings, who were always very helpful to those who kept their friendship, and equally hurtful to those who made them enemies. Well, Abraham, one night walking alone, by the side of a hill, it suddenly opened, and showed him a company of these lightsome, merry little fairies, with all the cheerfulness, mirth, and dancing imaginable, and they accosted Abraham as follows :---

And, it is affirmed, that, during this night and day, Abram got all his superior wisdom. Some have ealled it a year and a day, and that he was absent during that

[&]quot;Welcome, welcome, Abram, For ever and for aye."

[&]quot; Never a bit," quoth Abram,

But for a night and day."

period. Abram's wisdom was discovered in answering the fairies at once, and prescribing his terms. Their first word was their last; and according as you answered their questions, you were held in estimation or not. So Abram became a great favourite with the fairies, and got whatever he asked; and it is storied that he never needed to want a man to strike the large hammer (commonly called the fore-hammer). Having occasion to be from home one day, his journeyman asked him where he would get a man to strike the fore-hammer. Abram whispered to him, "I'll tell you a secret, but you must not divulge it; nor speak to the two little men who will strike the hammer for you, as they won't bear to be spoke to; and if you in any way accost them, we lose their services for ever. When you want them to come, or want them to go, instead of speaking, you must just give your hammer a purr on the studdy (anvil), and they will start up and strike as long as you please. Give your hammer another purr, and they will disappear; but no words must pass." The foreman observed this rule throughout the day, and two little men, the one with a red, and the other with a blue cap, started up, and struck with the hammer most powerfully. But, alas! for the faithless foreman; towards evening he exclaimed to his active assistants-

"Weel strucken red cowl, Far better blue."

They quickly replied, and immediately disappeared, never more to return—

"Strike here, strike there, We'll strike nae mair wi' you."

Thus much for Abram; but at what age he died, or what family he left, I know not. I am aware, however, that he left one son, named Isaac, who was my grandfather, and whom he bred after his own profession—a blacksmith. He, also, was famed as a tradesman, and he hammered so well, that he bought an estate, having from 60 to 80 acres of land, in the Walton of Blairgowrie, which Jacob's son, Isaac the second, one of his grandchildren, still lives upon, with a numerous family. It is not said, however, that Isaac got any of his ingenuity from the fairies. They were, by this time, beginning to lose their influence, though many stories about them were still believed. But he was much indebted to some English tradesmen, soldiers in the camp, which remained for some time after the Rebellion of 1745. This camp was stationed in a muir hard by, and part of it rested on Isaac's own lands. The soldiers of this encampment were engaged in making the military road that leads from Edinburgh to Fort George. There are several stories told of Isaac's ingenuity. I shall give one, which I know to be true. It is his making a very ingenious knife of geese or goose dung! The plan he adopted for this was to collect all his filings of iron and steel, and mix them with leaven, which was given for food to the geese; then preserving their dung, and burning it, the steel came together in the forge. This knife he sent to London, with the following lines:-

I, Isaae Low, thee made
Of goose-dung, heft and blade;
O, London, for your life,
Make such another knife.

It is said the knife was of a very ingenious construction, and a Londoner attempted to make one like it; but Isaac, not to be outdone, gave his knife a smart shake, and out sprung another knife, concealed in the heft, and forced out by the shake, which made a spring that concealed it give way. There is no doubt of Isaac being highly famed for making hooks for cutting corn, (*Cheuchs* was the name, they got in those days, and in that place); and so was also one of his sons after him (uncle-William, as we called him), who made a good deal of money by making this article alone. He also was famed for making spades.

I may here take notice, that the Walton of Blairgowrie is a sweet looking place, well wooded and watered. It is bounded by the river Ericht, about the space of half a mile on the north and north-east; it lies about a mile below Blairgowrie. My grandfather's family consisted of five sons and three daughters; Jacob was the name of the eldest of his sons. He also had a numerous family of ten, and lived on his father's estate, to the great age of ninety-three years. His son, Isaac, still lives on the same lands at this date, 1840. He is about seventy years of age, and has also ten of a family.

I may here notice an incident which took place in 1745-46, a few weeks before the Battle of Culloden was fought. A company of the rebels, on their way north, took lodgings in my grandfather's house for the night. Though he was a King's man, he was obliged to give the rebels whatever they asked, and be content. Accordingly the domestics were set to work, to prepare

food, and my grandmother to bake bannocks of barleymeal and cakes of oatmeal for them; all the cream kirns and butter kits in the neighbourhood, whether of friend or foe, being put in requisition and drained. Uncle Jacob was then a boy of twelve years of age, and one night sitting at the kitchen fire with a number of the rebels, they put the question to him, "Are you a Prince Charles' man or a King's man?" He briskly replied, "A King's man, a King's man." The rebels retorted, "We will shoot you," and tried to intimidate him, but Jacob was not afraid, and replied, "You dare not shoot us." Jacob was a man of a lively and spirited disposition, though reported to be somewhat irritable, and was often found scolding (flyting as it was there and then called). He himself used to say, that he had been kept like a boiling pot all his days. He died when ninety-three years old, but it was not from old age. may be said of him that he was killed by an accident, having fallen from the loft of one of his own cow-houses, the height of seven feet, on the crown of his head, and having fractured his skull, he never got well again.

My father was nearly the youngest of grandfather's family; his name was David. He married, and lived for some time in the Walton, where four of his family were born, viz. David, Isaac, myself, and Thomas. After his father's death, he had to leave the Walton, as Jacob, his eldest brother, was the paternal heir. He subsequently rented a small farm on the estate of Rosemount, which joins marches with the Walton. At this place, other two of his family were born, viz. Martha

and William, and here he died, at the age of forty-one, leaving six children (all his family), none of them above twelve years of age. Our mother kept the farm, on which we were all brought up, and received our education at the parish school. I may here notice, that grandfather, grandmother, uncles, aunts, father, and mother, were all highly respectable, and of the strictest moral character, worshipping God in their families morning and evening. Our mother kept up the same practice after father's death. She was a woman of good education having received the best instructions which the boarding schools of Dundee could give her in those days. Her name was Isabella Chrichton, a daughter of William Chrichton, Esq. of Aberbothrie, writer, in the parish of Alyth, a highly aristocratic gentleman, who was highly offended at his daughter for marrying my father, and never was altogether reconciled to the match. My mother was a very superior woman, and most attentive to her family, kind and affectionate.

"She was—but words are wanting to say what;
Think what a mother should he—for she was that."

Every night, when we were all in bed and asleep, she examined our clothes, and if any were worn or torn would have sat the whole night repairing them, that we might appear all tidy in the morning.

I should, ere this, have said something about my grandmother, but as I write entirely from memory, a mixed narrative may be expected. Ann Husband was her maiden name, and she was aunt to Charles Husband, Esq. of Glenearn, late Sheriff-Substitute of Perth-

shire, but we called her "Gran-mam," and she would not now be readily remembered by any other title. recollect well that she was a fine cleanly-looking woman in her old age. She must have been a beauty when she was young; but she was better, for she was a religious, well-behaved, and very respectable woman, and loved by all. I liked well to call on her, she was so very kind; and while I was awed by her majestic and grave manner, I was happy in and loved her presence. She was, if not the first, at least among the first, in the parish of Blairgowrie that dissented from the Kirk and became a Seceder; and so noted was she as to get the appellation of the "prime" or best of the Seceders. She died at the advanced age of eighty-four years. It is worthy of remark, that she could not persuade any of her children, one daughter excepted, to become Seceders. Isaac, at first, was very much displeased at her leaving the Kirk, and, it is said, he went eight or ten miles after her, and brought her back from going to hear a Seceder preaching, as none were then nearer than Perth, a distance of fifteen miles; but he afterwards gave her a horse and a servant with her, as she was determined, and did continue going all the way to Perth to hear sermon, &c. I may hear notice, that (with one or two exceptions, who died in infancy,) all my uncles and aunts lived to advanced ages, and all were married and had families. Sixty, sixty-seven, eighty-two, eighty-six, and ninetythree were the respective ages at which they died-very noticeable in our family. I have already, though not very concisely, noticed, that my father's family consisted of five sons and one daughter, all of whom are still alive and well (the youngest son excepted), none of us being below fifty-three and none above sixty-five years of age. Two of my brothers are married, each of them having nine children. My father, mother, and youngest brother were interred in the churchyard of Blairgowrie, where, about fifteen years ago, we erected a small stone to their loved memory.

I shall now endeavour to say something about my humble self. I was early enough sent to school; but whether from faults in me or in the teacher, or in both, I shall not attempt to decide—this I know and remember well, I disliked the school, and, from a continuation of causes, made but a poorly finished education. If any young person chance to read this, I may put them in mind, that nothing is more valuable to the young than a good and well-digested education, and yet it is very difficult to persuade young people of this truth, and even some grown up people are not fully aware of the importance of education. When about nine years of age, a kind and good friend* took me to Dundee, and would have made a doctor of me; but here again, from faults in myself, and faults in those who had the guidance of me, I was hurt in my feelings, and I got disgusted-and so left the doctor. Let it be here taken particular notice of, that I by no means attribute any fault to the doctor, who then was, and still is, a good, respectable,

^{*} Dr. Crichton.

and kind man, and highly famed in his profession; but I had occasion to come more in contact with others than with him. I soon after repented of my leaving him, and still do I regret this as one of the most unhappy steps of my life. Here, again, let young persons bear in mind, that if they leave their first apprenticeship, they are apt to become fickle and changeable afterwards. So it was with me; I tried different occupations, but did not continue long at any; this, however, I can say, I was, by the goodness of Him who ruleth all, enabled to preserve an unspotted moral character. I afterwards became very fond of reading, and perused a great many books; and though my education was defective, I commenced teaching a school in Cupar Angus, and carried on a Sabbath evening school with considerable success, having got a present of a silver watch, with an inscription on it, from the committee who managed the school. The Rev. John Halkett, the parish minister, was always the president of the committee. A library of books was also got up for the use of the scholars and others. I likewise received from the scholars a present of a Bible. I continued to teach for about four years in Cupar Angus; and among others, I shall take the liberty of naming Mrs. Hay* of Ballandoch, who then lived at Beach Hill, as one who was very kind to me, and took a great interest in the Sabbath schools. continued for a long time much inclined, and I fully

^{*} Mrs. Hay is still living at Ballandoch, and is now above eighty years of age.

designed to qualify myself for the pulpit; but in this I met with opposition too powerful for me to overcome. About the year 1820, I commenced business as a haberdasher in Cupar Angus in which line I was pretty successful for some time; but soon again lost what I had gained, so left Cupar Angus for Crail in Fifeshire. In this place I was very successful for about twelve years; but, from other shops in the same line of business starting up in the place, and Crail being no town of any great trade, and other occurrences combined, I took my leave of Crail; and, after being a short time in Dundee, I came, in the spring of 1839, to Montrose, and having composed, and repeated at several parties some scraps of poetry, a few gentlemen requested me to publish my effusions, and about sixty had the goodness to give me their names for this purpose. Thus encouraged, I have given these pages to the public, mixed, plain, and defective as they are.



LOW'S MIXTURE

or

POETRY AND PROSE.

REFLECTIONS ON EARLY DAYS.

Do we visit the scenes of our childhood-the spots where, in comparative innocence, we gambolled with our infant companions—the places where, in fine summer days, we first began to open our eyes upon, and take notice of, the beautiful and fair scenery around us, and, with hearts light and cheerful, we feel a delight and pleasure not to be accounted for or even compre-I say-to visit these places and to cast our thoughts and recollections as far back as we can carry them, has an effect upon us quite indescribable. recollect how we then thought, how we have thought since, and how we now think, causes such a train both of pleasing and melancholy reflections as seem to be almost overpowering. I recollect well when first I heard the thunder roll, and lisped out, "Mammy, what is that?" "It's the thunder, my dear; it is," she continued, "the voice of God." O, then, I was afraidmuch afraid, of God. A heavy shower fell,-I was covered with mamma's cloak, and I crept close to herThe shower was soon over, and a bright sun shone forth with unwonted splendour on the flowery scenery and fine fields around. I was very glad I was still alive, after hearing what then appeared to me so awful. I felt uncommon joy; and the beautiful scenery around delighted me more than I could then or even now express. I never since have seen a brighter scene—a more resplendent sun, or enjoyed purer delight; and ever since I love to hear the thunder roll:—

"'Tis granted, and no plainer truth appears,
Our most important are our earliest years."—Cowper.

If the days of our childhood are important, as we may then receive impressions that will continue long with us, and some of these impressions may be so deeply rooted, as never again to be entirely eradicated-I say, then, if our childhood days are important, much more so are our schoolboy days. Likings and dislikings, or, if you will, loves and hates, often, if not always, then take such a hold of the mind, as to contribute greatly to form the after character. Although foolish attachments are often entered into by the young, yet many of a different character are often formed in our younger days, and many of these are disinterested, lasting, and interesting; and happy is that youth who, by attending to proper instruction, and reading books of a right kind, acquires a well-formed, well-stored, and rightly-regulated mind, and who in early days acquires wise and prudent connexions; and still more happy that young man who (ere yet his heart is warped

by mercenary views, or biassed by ignorant and tyrannical customs) early wins a virtuous female heart. If afterwards called away, in pursuit of business, or in whatever station he may fill at home or abroad, the heart that he loves will be to him a rallying point, or as a resting-place to which his thoughts will fondly and often revert.

THE FAIRIES.

Ye charming little fairies,
O whither are ye fled?
Are ye affronted at our race?
Are all your powers now dead?

Full many a pretty story
Is neatly told of thee;
Thou didst divert both maid and child,
And men of all degree.

But what thou art, and where from, Or how thou hast thy power, Or if thou only art a humdrum, Is hidden to this hour.

I caught a little fairy,
My hopes were high and big,
That information I would gain,
From one so sweet and trig.

I quickly put the question,
Who-what-and whence are ye?
It look'd so sharp and piercing,
And quickly answer'd me.

"Who-what-and whence, are ye, man?"
Still looking in my face,
"Tell me, mortal, if you can;
Then I'll tell of our race."

Tho' I began to answer,
And did exert my skill,
The fairy look'd askance, sirs,
And put more questions still.

My stock of knowledge wasted,
"If that be all your show,"
It said, and laughingly protested,
"You nought of me shall know."

A WISH.

O! could I but give my lines that easy freedom and liquidity of flow, that richness of imagery, clearness of illustration, which in few words convey the ideas in a pleasing, agreeable, and instructive manner, making every line like the cluster of full ripe grapes, easily pressed, and, when pressed, both refreshing and nourishing—I would then be so happy! because they who

might read would be well pleased, that their appetite for what is excellent, beautiful, intellectually noble and sublime, would be much improved, and every huskish idea rejected. I love not that stiff mechanical poetry or prose, made as if by square and rule. May not a poet overstep rules, and be guiltless? Why confine the flowing, airy, and rambling spirit of the poetical, to the stiffness of rigid rules? May not they who travel in the regions of imagination be allowed an ample license, if from thence they can bring anything new, beautiful, or useful, though in a different way, manner, and form, from what has been before?

THE HIGHLAND MAID.

I lov'd her native wildness—
My blooming Highland maid:
Her eye was full of mildness,
Transporting words she said.

Her form was symmetry itself, Fond nature's loveliest child; Her gesture as the sylvan elf, Attractive, yet so wild.

She raised a glow within my heart,
I can but ill express;
Confused, I acted ill my part,
My love was all distress.

E'en yet, and oft, she hovers in My fond and ardent mind; I did not know it was a sin To leave such love behind.

I saw her in the lovely glen
Mid scen'ry wild as she;
Tho' 'mong her native Highlandmen,
She blythely gleamed on me.

I saw her on the mountain's brow, And in the cottage small: Of nature's fairest flowers below, She's loveliest of them all.

CHARITY, OR GIVING TO THE POOR.

Or all the virtues (or graces, as they are often called), charity is the brightest, and the surest test of a true Christian spirit. By Heaven's decree, the poor are always to be many; no doubt for this, among other reasons, that there may be ample room given for the exercise of this most noble virtue. How many blessings hath the exercise of this grace conferred? In vain I would try to enumerate even a few of them. The almost withered heart it has made young again—how many orphans hath it relieved—how many widows' hearts hath it made sing for joy? How many thousands at this moment live in the genial beams of this, if

not life-giving, at least life-preserving sun? God, like virtue, gives pleasure unutterable, both to the giver and receiver; and how often hath the too full hearts of both given vent to their high feelings in tears of joy? Who is able to describe that burst of Heavenly glory, which shall shine into the hearts and around the heads and persons of those so highly blessed ones, who shall hear our blessed Lord and Saviour say to them, in these transporting words, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you: for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; naked, and ye clothed me; a stranger, and ye took me in; sick, and ye visited me; in prison, and ve came unto me." When our Lord wished to test the sincerity of any one who pretended to love him, he left us an example in the way he addressed a young man whom he loved. Giving him a look of ineffable kindness, he said, "Go, sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven, and come and follow me: but, alas, he went away sorrowful." He had great possessions-he was rich.

ON THE MONTH IN WHICH THE AUTHOR WAS BORN.

In the month of April,
When nature doth smile,
And the spring it is vig'rous and good;

At that time I was born, On a fine Sunday morn, And baptis'd e'er I tasted food.

I was carried two mile,
(I pray thee don't smile,
For I could not have walked to the church);
I there got my name,
And then was brought hame,
And gien to my mam in my kurch.

She was a good nurse.

I was none the worse
Of this my first trip I am told;
I suck'd like a lamb,
So said my good mam,
Who hugged me, and kept me from cold.

And as I grew up,
I began for to sup,
And they call'd me a wee chatty boy;
Till I went to school,
But that was my dool,
For there I ne'er went with much joy.*

^{*} Here I must do justice to myself and a good man and a Christian, long since gone the way of all the earth, Mr. David Brodie, schoolmaster of the parish of Bendochy. I went to his school with pleasure, and the reason was, he was kind to me. Whipping may, in a very few cases, be needful, but the greater part of hoys are capable of appreciating kindness, and the best of boys are the most susceptible of impressions in this the finer feeling. Let alone the pain, there is a degradation in the ferula which my spirit could never brook. In consequence of Mr. B.'s kindness I learned more at his school in three months than I did at the other for years; no, doubt, being older, I was beginning to think a little. Mr. B. also attended to that part of his duty, neglected by many teachers, that is,

And when I grew big,
I was neat and trig,
And so to a doctor I goes
To learn his art;
It now was my part
To ease the distressed of their woes.

But I was unwise,
This I will not disguise,
And mixed with some like myself,
Which made me retire,
And fall in the mire,
Or I might have been richer in pelf.

But why should one fret
At what is our lot,
When evil we do, we must feel it;
If in faith rich we are,
We're richer by far,
Than those who have land to inherit.

But April, they say,
Is a fickle month aye;
So like it my lot has oft been;
Yet change how I may,
('Tis like our frail clay)
In thought and design be I clean.

to give religious instruction, of which I felt the benefit. Mr. B. was the first in Scotland who commenced teaching a Sabbath evening school; he was then in Limekilns in Fifeshire, from which place he came to Bendochy.

I've tried many a trade,
And cash sometimes made,
But rich I ne'er could be long;
But true heartfelt bliss
(I'm certain of this)
Is not found always riches among.

When I think of past life,
Though I've yet got no wife,
I see in't the hand of the Highest;
This gracious design
In all, as well's mine,
Is the kindest, the wisest, and best.

How awful his ways
Who rules in the skies!
And yet how most gracious and good;
And in my own case
I may truly say this,
Else long before now I'd been dead.

For hair-breadth escapes
In manifold shapes,
Of these I've had many a one;
Let gratitude rise
In songs to the skies,
And days may I waste of them none.

For fifty long years,

As now it appears,

I've scarce been a whole day unwell;

Nor yet do I know, By experience or so, Disease or defect in mysell.

Kind reader, adieu!
Then let us good do,
As far as it lies in our power;
Hope good may we have
Beyond the dark grave;
In duty 'twill cheer us each hour.

RURAL SCENES.

The best expressions of my pen come far short of conveying proper ideas of the feelings of my heart in the midst of rural scenes. Born in the country, and spending a great part of my days among fields and flowers. valleys and streams, hills and glens, and woods, "muirs and mosses mony," I ever found the purest delight in beholding them, and my spirits often imbibed the finest nectar midst the living freshness of such scenes. The early impressions they made upon my memory remain ever fresh and young, but it baffles my ingenuity to commit to paper my feelings in such glowing colours as I could wish. As one says—

When I was a little boy,
Ere yet I learned my book,
I felt an itch for angling
In every little brook.

An ozier rod, and thread for line, A crooked pin for hook, And thus equipp'd, I angled In every little brook.

How often have I literally done as above, but by and bye I got better equipped, and often have I trouted in that crystal stream when the lively trouts would dart at the fly with the swiftness of an arrow, and turn up their spotted sides and vellow bellies while I waded the stream and pressed its pebbly bed. The rushing current often made me stagger; but I was heedless of the transient pain my feet would sometimes feel in slipping off one hard pebble to another and another, intent only on the curling eddy of the stream. How pure is the water of that pool! How well do I see its lively and beautiful tribes move their active forms quick as the arrow. They are full of life, beauty, and symmetry. But the clear still pool does not suit the angler; he must search for the curling stream, and move along the banks to the beautifully-shrubbed and flowery banks of the river. Look at that wild rose, it is bedewed with wet, but who can describe its beautiful freshness or the rich fragance of its heartcheering perfumes. See that rich carpeting of wild flowers looking up to it as if in envy. Nay, nay, they are only sending up their joint stock of praise to him who so clothes the flowers of the field that they far outvie the richest decorations of the finest palaces, and outdo the pencil of the most skilful artist. How sweetly that little bird sings and hops from sprig to sprig; how

agile are its motions; how happy it looks, as it seems to say, how sweet is all around. A noise in the water now attracts my attention. It is the silvery salmon darting as if in sport, and attempting to catch the flies on the surface of the stream. Sport on thou beautiful monarch of the brook; here thine enemies pursue thee not; here thou art lord of the stream; and, but for all-destroying man, thou mightest continue to sport in safety. But it now draws toward evening, and I must wend my way home,

"Through bush and bower,
O'er bedge and flower."

What sounds are these so fine, so loud, so mellow, and so sweet? It is the blackbird, in the distance, mounted on the topmost branch of the tallest tree. There he sits with body erect, neck out-stretched, head aloft, and bill pointed to heaven; and how nobly he sounds his mellow pipe, and how the woods, rocks, and hills resound the notes. It is his evening song of praise. How stupendous and romantic these rocks appear! How long has that foaming stream lashed their bases—some of them rising to an amazing height; others overhang the roaring stream, and look as if they would tumble into the abyss below, while we behold them. These beautiful lines of Sir Walter Scott now strike us with double force—

"O, Caledonia! stern and wild,

Meet nurse for a poetic child;

Land of brown heath and shaggy woods,

Land of mountains and of floods; Land of my sire—what mortal hand Can e'er untie the filial band That binds me to thy well known strand."

These sublime and pathetic lines picture my feelings, and they must touch the feelings of every true Scotchman, and still more so of a poetical one. Blair, in his "Grave," says, "of joys departed ne'er to return, how painful the remembrance." This may be so in many cases, but it is not so in mine. I think of many a scene I have gone through with pleasure, and, in imitation of the couplet in Alexander's Feast, I would say,

Fished all my fishings o'er again, And thrice travers'd the scene.

But I am now arrived at an age for more serious employ. I can now wield the scythe and the flail, and hold the plough; and these exercises, when taken in moderation, are good both for soul and body. With how much pleasure have I returned from the field and sat down to read a book—even with a double relish. Boys return from their play to their task with renewed vigour; and so in men does toil strengthen both body and mind. How much more learned would our students be, and how much better balanced and more vigorous would their bodies as well as their minds be, were fields and gardens set apart where they might, with pleasure and advantage, employ their spare hours. I now begin to get a little experience in agriculture, and compare field with field, farm with farm, and district with dis-

trict. In going along it gives me joy to see a wellcultivated farm and a proper stock of cattle on it, and it causes me pain when I see the contrary. That this should be the case with me may appear strange to some, but I cannot, nor do I wish to help it; and, as the eyes of some agriculturist may, perchance, come in contact with these scrawls. I shall adventure to give some outlines of my observations and opinions. I shall begin with our beloved, noble, and patriarchal ancestors with their broad serpentine ridges and rude implements of husbandry. With these some of them did wonders, and to undervalue or overlook them would be wrong. With their oxen they took too heavy a furrow. We of late have taken too light a furrow. A good furrow, where soil can be had, is very advisable. It pains me to see some good land only scratched; and Dr. Franklin says,

"Plough deep while sluggards sleep,
And you'll have corn to sell and keep."

Their ridges were, in general, too broad; ours are too narrow. Ridges should be twelve yards broad and properly rounded. This will dry the land better; besides, there will be a saving of so many open furrows, which loses a great deal of land or productive surface; and for tile draining, it will be found to be a saving and dry the land as well when the ridge is well rounded. The drain should be every twelve yards, instead of every six. To drain every six yards, when the ground is left a dead level, is not so good; to level the old broad

ridges that have been for hundreds of years in that form, is not good, and worse if the bottom is cold and a wet heavy subsoil. If this be done at all to purpose it requires a great deal of labour and skill, and, in many cases, it will scarce do at all. I have seen some good farms spoiled by rash and unskilful levelling, that will not recover it in a hundred years, if ever it does it. I have also taken notice of the potatoe crops, and wonder when I see turnips get as wide drills as potatoes. Potatoes in good land require twice as much room in the drill as turnips do. In cutting seed potatoes, I think, the best method is to cut them right in two, making only two sets or plants out of each potatoe, The way I would have them cut is right through the navel, through the back and breast, and through the point or end eye-the side eyes are always the best and most productive. In this way, you rarely come through a good eye, and gain a great deal of time in cutting. Much more might be said on the above, but I abridge. For the above purpose, I have invented a simple machine with which one person can cut as many as three or four at a time. With such seed, in good wellmanured land, give drills of thirty-three or thirty-four inches, and plant your seeds sixteen inches apart. There is also a great deal of hurt done by girls in careless or unskilful hoeing. I have also invented an appendage for the hoe, which may do some good and can do no harm; for this invention, I have a letter of thanks from the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland. If

these plans of mine have no other recommendation, they are at least easily tried without much risk or expence.

Destroy not your 'tatees with the hoe,
And give them room enough to grow;
Where land is good and also manured well,
Give your potatoes a thirty-four inch drill.
Your plants, in drills, place sixteen inch apart,
On dung them lay, it keeps them in good heart;
Cut your potatoes right in two for seed,
Continue these and you'll have crops indeed.

ON PLEASURE.

To all the creatures God hath made,

There's pleasure given, or may be had,

And that of goodly measure.

I pleasure take in many things,

And happy am as kings or queens,

Of bliss I have a treasure.

Of bliss I have a treasure.

I pleasure take 'mong fellow men,
At social board; right well you ken,
I love their mirthful glee.
I pleasure take in solemn thoughts;

From Heaven my soul takes in such draughts, My thoughts like angels flee.

I pleasure take, in duty bound,
Of business hours to go the round—

Also in doing good

To fellow beings, high or low,
(This not for vanity or show);

I give the hungry food.

I pleasure take in reading books,
My spirits glow in friendly looks,
But ah! a woman's smile.
How lovely, sweet, and angel-like,
Her bright blue eye the senses strike,

And every care beguile.

Of all the pleasure earth can give,
I'm told there's none like those who live
In matrimonial bliss;
But single men like mc can't tell,

For, though I try at living well,
I'm ignorant of this.

To higher bliss the soul will roam,

Less can't it please—it seeks a home

In everlasting bliss.

This hope is freely given to all:

To rich and poor, and great and small,

God's word affirmeth this.

ON THE SUN IN A FINE DAY IN AUGUST.

Who is able to describe the beauties of that golden luminary on these fine rich waving corn fields? In vain I try to express the bright glowing images of delight

which fill my heart at beholding so much living beauty, and that azure sky, a wide expanse of serenity. God is present: my mind is wrapt in solemn thoughts, and filled with an ecstacy which I cannot express. Is earth so beautiful? what must Heaven be? These golden, and these yet green ears of corn, in solemn silence, gracefully bow their majestic heads, as if in gratitude adoring the Almighty power that raised them from the earth. As if, did I say? nay, though silent, they in the most emphatic language, speak forth the praises of that Being who created, and continues such wonders. How much should our hearts in gratitude flow with joy, at the thought of being under the protection and guidance of such an all-powerful, glorious, and good Being?

TO CRAIL.

In thee I've been happy, in thee I've been vex'd, Both joy and sorrow to me have been mix'd; In thee I have prosper'd, in thee I have lost, Thou fair ancient burgh on Fife's rocky coast. I still love to see thee, for it brings to my view, Some friends I have lost, and some that are true; A blessing I ask on thy sons and thy maids, Thy matrons, thy mothers, and men with grey heads. The noblemen round thee on lands rich and good, And the squires and the farmers I've seen in fine mood When I think of you all, my heart waxes warm; My best wishes for you—all good, and no barm.

TO CUPAR ANGUS.

In thee I was a teacher, youthful and gay;
In thee I was honoured, in truth I can say;
A neat silver watch you on me bestowed,
For teaching a school on the Sabbaths of God,
With character high inscrib'd on the same;
I wish I may ever deserve such a name.
Ye Christians all to whom I am known,
Though some of you live, still others are gone;
My best wishes for you shall ever ascend,
For young and for old; may ye trust to the end.

ON DEATH.

It is commonly said of death, "from whose bourne no traveller returns;" but this is not strictly true. One traveller has returned; and he is as good as if all had returned to tell us what is doing on the other side of the grave; for he is our best friend, and one that loves us. He is also a true reporter, and knows all that is doing there. Every Christian reader will by this time know that I mean our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and that he has brought life and immortality to light. He is a true man—he calls himself the son of man, as well as the son of God, and we are heirs with him of an inheritance, incorruptible and undefiled, which fadeth not away. Could any thing please our natural ambition more than this? An inheritance, even in this

world, when well come by, and well used, is a great blessing; but at best it is defiled, corruptible, and fadeth away. What then must be the glory and beauty of that Heavenly inheritance, which is so pure and imperishable? How great must be the bliss of those who are prepared for the enjoyment of it? Let us then cheerfully endure, constantly hope, and patiently wait for this inheritance; and seeing we belong to so noble a family, and are designed for the enjoyment of so great an inheritance, let us beware of doing anything beneath the dignity of our high destination; and, while we studiously avoid doing what is evil, let us be always doing something worthy of him who hath called us to so high hopes.

ON THE ABUNDANT HARVEST OF 1840.

This is a time for gladness,
To every Christian heart;
To gloom it would be madness,
And very ill our part.

Thou God of all our mercies,
Thou makest plenty flow;
In vain I try in verses,
Thy bounteous gifts to show.

The fruits of earth in plenty, Matured by glorious Sol: Thy hand brings forth not scanty, Him praise from pole to pole.

Ye poor and rich rejoice, In one harmonious song; With one united voice, The cheerful notes prolong.

May providence in kindness,
Make good the hearts of all;
Oppression ne'er shall grind us,
If goodness guide us all.

A GOOD MAN.

THE good man has a source of happiness within himself that is not easily disturbed and of which it is impossible to deprive him. Burns, the poet, remarks,

"The heart aye's the part aye, That makes us right or wrong."

And a greater than the immortal bard, viz. Solomon, tells us that

"A good man shall be satisfied from himself."

The reader will be ready to reply, Is a good man then selfish? Far from it; so much is he the contrary that a great part of his happiness consists in seeing others

happy, and endeavouring to make them so; and even the hearing of the prosperity and happiness of others gives him unfeigned joy. The knowledge of so much wickedness, wretchedness, sorrow, and misery in the world must thus make him miserable too. It certainly gives him pain, but cannot make him wretched; nay, the pain he feels is obliterated by the stimulus of his unwearied exertions to lessen the sum of human woe. And, if all felt as the good Christian man feels, and exerted themselves also in every laudable way, the sum of wickedness and consequent misery would be greatly lessened. I hope the time is not far distant when all true-hearted Christians, stimulated by unbounded charity and love, shall, by the influence of the true and right spirit of Christianity, throw, as it were, into the depths of the sea, all their differences and useless contentions and jealousies, and, in one heart and one mind-in one love-united body, show principles by actions, that shall make our earth a heaven, and accomplish the great prophesies of Scripture "that the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the channel of the sea;" and thus bring about those wished-for, prayed-for, and hoped-for millennial days of bliss, such as earth hath not yet seen.

It is my opinion that the present agitated state of the Christian world will issue in the union of all true Christians; and this alone can bring about the Millennium. All the prayers of our blessed Lord are heard and shall be answered; and he prays his Heavenly Father that "all who believe in him may be one in heart and mind,

that the world may know that thou hast sent me." This prayer, then, shall yet be answered, and all who believe shall be one in heart, mind, and love, and the world shall see it. This can only be accomplished by the influence of that Spirit which our Lord promised to send, did send, and will yet send, in a larger measure. What then appears to be the duty and privilege of all true believers of every name? Let all take up the words of our Lord and Master, and offer them again and again at the Throne of Grace, and continue, with true and faithful hearts, to urge this prayer till it be answered, namely, that all who believe and truly love our Lord Jesus Christ may be of "one heart and one mind."

SAINT PETER'S DENIAL AND REPENTANCE.

" And he went out and wept bitterly."

Saint Peter, thy fears,
And bitterest tears,
Though briny they were and sincere;
The truth I must tell,
They could not avail,
In washing off sin from the soul.

How good then was he, Who so loved thee, His own precious blood for to give! Thy soul thus to save,

And raise from the grave,

For new life eternal to live.

Oh well mightst thou weep,
In sorrow so deep,
When thou didst deny such a friend;
One look, not a scowl,
Did pierce through thy soul,
And guilt then did flash on thy mind.

Though Satan did thrust,
Thy soul to the dust;
One stronger than Satan was nigh;
Thy repenting soul,
How soon he did heal,
And with Him now thou reignest on high.

ON CHRISTIANITY.

Although quite unable to do anything like justice to this most important of all subjects, I have presumed to make a few observations on it. He must be a cold Christian indeed, who is not a great deal concerned about the many sects and divisions among those who call themselves Christ, and many of whom are true Christians. Nothing has pained me more than these divisions; and could any general plan be adopted that would mitigate or remedy the growing evil, it would

be a great blessing to all. The causes of these divisions among the flock of Christ, are no doubt many; but none appear more prominent than those arising from hireling, careless, and worldly shepherds, who scatter their flocks, and thus give all their enemies a great power over them. The flock of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ are one, and shall be one. Let them seek to come together again from all the places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day. For this purpose let meetings be set up, in every town, parish and village, to which Christians of all denominations shall be invited; let prayer and reading the Scriptures be their exercises; let these meetings be of a purely spiritual nature; let no political or worldly business be named among them or in them; let all who profess Christianity, and have a pure moral character, be admitted; let all be invited to engage in prayer in rotation; let these prayers be chiefly for the downpouring of the Holy Spirit, and for union among all Christians. Although, for the sake of good order, leaders of the meetings must always be appointed; let all be esteemed equal in brotherly love; let each one esteem another better than themselves. These meetings might be on Sabbath mornings, or evenings, or both, as all true Christians are one in the love of our Lord and Saviour. Let them meet on this great and leading principle alone, and in that charity or love, which not only overlooks a multitude of differences, but also covers a multitude of sins. Let them meet, and when their prayers are heard with and for one another, their love will increase ten fold, and our blessed and now exalted Lord will, according to his promise, send down his Holy Spirit. Christian love will then be so manifested, as that all the world shall see and acknowledge our blessed and gracious Redeemer, and "THAT STONE CUT OUT OF THE MOUNTAIN WITHOUT HANDS SHALL GROW AND FILL THE WHOLE EARTH" with peace and love, and men shall learn the cursed art of war no more.

ON PSALM CXXXIII.

My subject is so rare,
What can with it compare;
How shall I fix its beauties on the mind?
Take of the finest gold,
Or ointment us'd of old,
Though precious here, their semblance falls behind.

Shall I an effort make,
And living nature take?
The pearly sparkling richest dew,
On mountains high,
And valleys nigh,
And precious hill, but dimly pictures you.

Even Zion's hills,
Where bliss distills,
From the Almighty store;

Eternal love, From Heaven above, And bliss for evermore.

Yes, this is nigh,
My theme so high,
For it is Christian love;
Unto our race,
It bringeth peace,
So like to Heaven above.

Like, did I say?
Say more, I may,
'Tis Heaven in the soul;
Where this doth reign,
'Twill bliss maintain,
And all things else control.

IN REFERENCE TO THE PROPOSED CHRISTIAN UNION.

It does not appear to me that the difference among the varied sects of Christians is so great, as finally and for ever to prevent them from uniting. I have heard the greater part of them, and they all preach salvation through the same atonement. With God all things are possible. Our duty to pray for this most desirable accomplishment is clear, and plainly laid down to us in the sacred volume.

THE POET AND THE ARTIST.

POET.

O Artist, so skilful in picture! How much I admire thy fine art! Yet Poets they far do outstrip thee, Believe me; yet forgive, if I'm tart.

ARTIST.

Kind brother, you ought sure to love me; For victory we will not contend; But how can you say you're above me? My fame far as yours doth extend. I show at one glance so much beauty, As charm all the skilful in taste; Allegory, History, and all things, I've shown to the eyes of the best.

POET.

No one loves you better than I do, And highly I'm pleas'd with your skill; But the soul and the fire of good poesy, O taste it!—you'll find better still.

AN ACROSTIC ON MARY.

My dearest Mary, must we part? A while we may, but not in heart. Remember me, my dearest love! You shall be blest by Heaven above.

ON SERVANTS.

GOOD and careful servants are a great acquirement and a real blessing to any one who has occasion for them, and especially to farmers; but many complain of them when they themselves are partly to blame. About fifty years ago, the domestic retinue of a respectable farmer's house was different from what it now in general is. Since that time farming has greatly improved, and, I hope, will still continue to improve. Here the question may be put, Have we improved as much in true Christianity, which is the true foundation of all right morality? Permit me then to give an outline of the manner of living in a respectable farmer's house in Strathmore about fifty years ago. Always in the evening, and, in many places, in the morning also, the whole family and servants were called together for family worship; a few lines of a psalm were generally sung, a chapter of the Sacred Volume was read, and prayers offered up by the head of the family; and on Sabbath evenings, all were catechized. This practice, I hope, is continued in many places still. Some may say, What hath this to do with good servants? I say much; even keeping "the next world" out of the question. These and like manners give the master a hold in the affections of his servants which nothing else could, and contribute greatly to make them trusty, careful, and willing servants; while they look up to their master with reverence, patriarchal regard, and love. But are not

servants committed as a trust to every master, and should not he be glad at the opportunity of ingratiating himself in their good opinion, and for effecting the good of their souls and bodies? Is it better that servants should be entirely disconnected with the family of their master, huddled into bothies, and their morals no more cared for than the beasts that perish? Let true Christianity take hold of the heart, either of master or servant, and it will give light to the mind, joy to the heart, and activity to the hand.

However badly I write myself, (if I at all deserve the name of a writer,) nevertheless, I cannot avoid taking notice of Thomson, in his Seasons, where he makes Palemon say to Lavinia, when gleaning, "Throw from thine hand that shameful pittance, so ill applied to such a rugged task." I would say, Hold in thy hand these few rich stalks-thy gentle hand-so nobly applied to such an honourable task. I cannot sufficiently express my abhorrence of any attempts, in write or word, that would tend to bring honourable toil into disrepute. I hope the day is fast approaching when the toils of those who serve shall be better regulated, both to those who labour with pen and brain as well as to those who merely work with the hands. How different is Thomson's sentiments when he says, "All is the fruit of industry, what'er exalts, embellishes, or renders life delightful." When do our ancient matrons, queens, and heroines look "most divine?" When in the midst of their maidens directing their household occupations, or handling the distaff, or at the loom.

LINES ON GRACE DARLING, AND THE WRECK OF THE FORFARSHIRE STEAMER.

The storm it was raging, Life and hope assuaging,

And horrors surrounded each one on the sea;

The breakers were swelling,

Round Grace Darling's dwelling,

When she cried, "Father, what's this comes crying to me?"

I heard a wild death-shriek,

And horrors that heart break,

The angel of hope whispered "rise up," to me;

Oh deep was the warning!

My sire, it is morning,

'Im sure we shall save life, "Oh, rise up," said she.

My dear, in your daring,

There's danger I'm fearing,

We may get to the wreck, but return cannot we;

Oh, father, dear father,

They live that are on her,

In saving, kind Heaven our assistance shall be.

Though the breakers still dash'd,

Each a willing oar splash'd,

The father and daughter went through the rough sea;

And straight to the wild rock,

Where the vessel lay all broke,

They pull'd till they reached the wreck on the lee.

All those who life had,

When they saw the brave maid,

Mix'd sorrow and joy brought tears to their e'e;

Oh haste ye to boat then,
She said in a kind tone,
By risking her own life, she has sav'd six and three!

Now, blest be thy face,
My Darling, brave Grace,
Thy name shall outlive thy years very long;
Thy example so good,
To all on the flood,
So hereabout endeth my unworthy song.

CHRISTIANITY.

ONE great error concerning Christianity, which many preachers and others fall into, is that we have some great work to perform, as a price for, or in order to obtain, the salvation of our souls. True, the salvation of our soul is a great work, but it has been accomplished already by our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who was alone able to perform it. All we have got to do, then, is to accept of this salvation already accomplished, and the chief work of preachers is to persuade all to accept of this salvation. Let once the belief or faith be in your heart, that our blessed Lord has accomplished salvation for you, washed away all your sins, and given you freely a title to everlasting bliss, and joy shall fill your heart, and all shall be right with your soul. All good works will follow, and flow from such a faith; and this root of faith is never fruitless.

ON OXFORD'S ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

A madman or monster was he,
Who attempted the life of our Queen;
So beloved by her subjects is she,
They'd risked their own bodies between.

But Heaven interposed for the good,
Our grateful hearts' thanks shall ascend;
And ring through the nation aloud,
So high that the skies they shall rend.

ON THE MURDER OF LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL, BY HIS OWN SERVANT, A FOREIGNER.

Of all the dark crimes, In this, or far climes, That of murder by far is the worst; But still deeper in dye, And iniquity high, When committed in cases of trust.

How black must have been,
Could it e'er have been seen,
The heart of Courvoisier so wicked;
His good lord to kill,
And all his plate steal,
No wonder such men are oft nicked.

ON BEING ASKED TO SAY SOMETHING ON LOVE.

LOVE is, without doubt, the most powerful of all the passions, and seems to be the great bond of union throughout all nature:—seems, did I say; nay, I may venture to say it really is that grand band, link, or bond of union on which all nature depends both for its existence and chief and highest enjoyments, from the lowest insect up to the highest created being. Many volumes might be written on this lovely subject, but it never can be fully exhausted.

LOVE.

O love, thou art sacred and solemn— Too high are thy fires for my pen; So oft and so long I have felt thee, How shall I approach thee again!

In vain do I try to describe thee,

Thou art bliss, thou art bliss, I am sure;

Neither diamonds nor gold shall e'er bribe thee,

Thy home is alone with the pure.

My paper, though pure as the virgin,
Would stain thy fine wings if put there;
The finest of pens would but blot thee,
To paint thee all art must despair.

ON KINDNESS OR GENTLENESS OF MANNER.

"Then far be a' their scornfu' din
That mak the kindly heart their sport."

MANY a tender and delicate plant, by tender care and skilful management, has become a fair spreading tree, while many of a more promising appearance has been, by improper usuage, withered and destroyed. So it is with the human mind; the finest, the most acute, the richest, and the manliest minds, are often at first the most tender and delicate, and, in consequence, the more easily hurt; and yet these minds, by proper treatment and gentle encouragement, may and often do become the fairest and most fruitful-a source of pleasure to themselves and delight to all. They are soon ab leto bear what, e'er they came to maturity, would have entirely destroyed them. Though this may chiefly apply to the young and opening mind, it may have its use among men in general. Even in our (said to be) refined days, how much unbecoming, coarse, unfeeling, and even brutish and wicked conduct is often practised by man to man; and yet we call ourselves Christians. Instead of loving one another as we should, we seem to have only so much of Christianity as makes us hate ' one another. We are indeed divided into a great many sects, but a true Christian mind will come over all these and truly love every one of his fellow beings, and still more so all who love our Lord in sincerity. Let us then, each for him or herself, evince our sincere love

to all who bear his sacred name. How much did he pass over and through to save us; and shall we not pass over every thing that may stand in our way to the true love of one another. Above all, let us take notice of those who may be weak in mind, who may, nevertheless, be very excellent Christians. Kindness of manner to such is a great Christian duty, and, properly gone about, may be like balm to their spirits, and more so in cases of sorrow. How well does Cowper say

"The tear that is wip'd with a little address
May be followed, perhaps, by a smile."

And how sublime is his example who said, and still says, "I quench not the smoking flax, nor break the bruised reed;" who said to the widow of Nain "Weep not," and immediately restored her dead son to life again.

AN ACROSTIC, On Mr. Pearman, Professor of Music, Montrose.

(EXTEMPORE.)

PEARMAN, kind friend,
Each blessing attend;
A gentleman vocalist be:
Refin'd in your taste,
My soul gets a feast,
And angelic music from thee;
Now sing on in joy and glee.

ON THE EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVES, 22D AUGUST, 1834.

And are the grand millennial prospects of Scripture fulfilling thus before our wondering eyes, "that man shall brother be to man the world all over." How is it that we are silent and yet claim to be called Christians? Is there a Christian heart which hears the glorious news and is not now too full for utterance. Are slaves now free? A great and glorious presage of the time is now before us, when millions shall be freed from Satan's chains and introduced into a freedom worthy the name; and then Heaven's arch shall ring, and all but rend with shouts of triumph too high for mortal ear.

AN ACROSTIC, On James Chalmers, Esq. Merchant, Montrose.

(EXTEMPORE.)

I wish I could say,
All now that I may,
Much kindness does me much astound;
Each one will agree,
So clearly with me;
Chalmers—great Chalmers, resound.
He is my good friend—
All know he is kind—
Love crown your own charmer as long;
Marry soon, my brave lad,
E'en soon be a dad,
Renounce single bliss (nam'd wrong).
So here I must end my strange song.

AN ACROSTIC,

On Bailie Guthrie, on being invited to a tumbler of toddy.

God bless you, my friend, you're always so kind, Unto a poor stranger like me;
Truth aye must be said, when poetry's made—
How welcome's a tumbler to me!
Resume then your glass, and let it still pass,
I wish you all happy indeed;

(The name wants a letter, I can't make it better), Each blessing alight on your head.

AN ACROSTIC,

Written for a Gentleman named LAWSON, since deceased.

Love is a theme, if it I name,
All fire my bosom glows;
When loves do meet, O then how sweet!
So high the spirit flows.
O then take heed, and quickly wed,
Nor mind pelf how it goes.

AN ENIGMA.

Silent and mute it stood,
Yet nothing speaks so loud;
To stand by all it seemed,
Yet nought is swifter wing'd.
But, friend, before you go,
I'll prove that nought's more slow.

ON HEALTH.

HEALTH is, and always has been appreciated as one of the greatest blessings; and although a good constitution is necessary for the continuance of good health, still it may be hurt by improper living; and a bad one may be improved by proper care being taken. Many things contribute to improve and continue health. For instance, the right regulation of the passions contributes greatly to promote health. A contented cheerful mind is a great advantage. I understand by this an active, not a sluggish easy mind. Solomon says "a merry heart doth good like medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones." Many have contended for the strictest regularity in eating, drinking, sleeping, and exercise, &c., in order to acquire or preserve health. I beg to differ, at least a little, from this. Youths and even children should in these be accustomed to irregularity as well as regularity, and grown-up persons even more so. As no exact rule can be given, every grownup person should exercise their own judgment, knowledge, and experience. Man is not a mere machine, and should not be regulated as such. Let him sometimes want a meal, or even two, and he will eat more freely. Variety of food is good; but let it be all of the wholesome kind. Let every one, as much as possible, accustom themselves to eat all kinds of wholesome food that may come in their way. Let a man sleep eight, six, or four hours a night, and sometimes want a whole night's sleep. The labouring man gets sometimes too

much exercise. Could he have some less, and the sedentary and the idle have some more, it would be well. I think still the labouring man has the best of it, as more are destroyed by indolence than by over exertion.

A GOLFER'S SONG,

Made for the Montrose Golfing Society.

Tune .- " A man's a man for a' that."

Let misers hug their sordid wealth
And bad men break the law, yet;
We'll to the healthful links a while
And drive the golfing ba' yet.
For a' that, and a' that,
The medal fair, and a' that,
The club, the ba', the queen, the hole,
And muckle mair nor a' that.

And when the game is play'd all o'er
We'll to the inn awa' get,
The dinner waits us—'tis the hour,
Let's round the table a' sit.
For a' that, and a' that,
We' cheerful look, and a' that,
The social glass we'll let that pass,
And muckle mair nor a' that.

When song, and toast, and speech are o'er, For friends and foes, and a' that, We'll to our cheerful hames repair
And tell our loves of a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
Ye bachelors ne'er saw that;
Wi' loving wife that cheers our life,
And children dear, and a' that.

ON A SUICIDE, Which took place in Crail in 1835.

He wept by the blue sea, the wave, and the billow,
The rocks and the caves were sooth'd by his moan,
He wept by the lone tree, the glen, and the willow,
He wept in his cot—but friends he had none.

So wildly he look'd on the dark blank before him, But firmly had seiz'd him that desperate foe; No soothing instructor brought balm to his spirit, A strong one had bound him in misery's woe.

Oh horror of horrors! he plung'd himself headlong
In eternity's gulf, where no bottom doth show.
O had he but known our most gracious Redeemer,
His soul had been sooth'd—he had vanquish'd the foe.

ON LARGO LAW, FIFESHIRE.

O ye, whom scenes sublime delight, Whene'er your lot may chance this way, Gently ascend Law's towering height

And thence the expansive scene survey;

For grand beyond my feeble pen

Will prove the views round Largo then.

Progressive landscapes charm the eye,
O'er boundless seas, wood, hill, and dale;
While numerous flocks are brousing by
Or distant lowing on the gale,
And gallant ships and steamers rare
Glide by thy shores of Largo fair.

ON SUICIDE.

The following was occasioned by a gentleman asking the Author to make some lines on the late Suicide of Colonel ———, at Bristol.

I am requested to make poetry on subjects awful—most awful surely, for murder is in the case, and that of the worst kind. Even to name it makes gentle feeling hearts to rise. If naming murder, then, is so painful to the right heart, what shall we say of him whose hands are stained with his own blood, and, thus deeply dyed, to rush before that awful throne, which, only to think of, makes all who have their senses to fear. It is beyond the compass of my thoughts, and I think above the mind of mortal man, to describe the guilt of him who takes away his own sweet life—that gift, that

precious gift, which God bestowed, and which our God alone could give. Ingratitude and ignorance here reign paramount. Ingratitude most vile to throw away and trample under foot, as a thing most worthless, the very greatest gift our wisest friend could give. Ingratitude so vile as this! It should want a name in language. It is ignorance. Will any one, that knows the value of life, throw it away? Who shall tell its value? An angel's eloquence were feeble for such a subject.

"No trifle, however short it seem,

Howsoever shadowy, 'tis no dream."—Cowper.

Still we may gather some knowledge of its worth when we review this beautiful—this wondrous—this great and mighty globe. The great, the wise, the mighty, and munificent Creator, has given us a residence that there he might display life's value and all the creatures that move on it; at once to show how much they prize the precious treasure. Yet still we gather more of the true worth of life from what this Being of love hath done to save the precious soul, and make man happy here and in the world to come.

O horrid self-destruction! They are cowards who fly to thee. In ancient days, among heathen men, it was accounted brave at times to take away life. But it were to be wished that we were free from all such heathenish stuff, in this our happier age, which takes the name of Christian. But who is the brave man? He that firmly and meekly bears life's keenest storms

of poverty, affliction, scorn, contempt, injustice, and disgrace of every kind, and strives with all his might to keep his conscience pure, bearing all with patience, and calmly waiting Heaven's will; or he who, soon as any one of these fell giants appear, quickly turns his back and leaps into another world, and madly hopes to screen himself from ills he dare not face in this. Say, who's the coward here? But there is more than ignorance, ingratitude, and cowardice in the deed; there is false pride-mean, low, disgusting pride-and that too, forsooth, which lays claim to be thought great, and are we, as a nation, then, so lost to all true feeling and right Christian thought as to advocate this deed as right in any case, or palliate the crime as all coroners do, when they call the same a temporary insanity. Nav, let the truth be told. Call it the worst of wickedness that ever sprung from Hell; and, whoever he be that perpetrates the deed, let's name be branded, scorned. and forgotten.

ON SEEING THE PORTRAIT OF AN ACQUAINT-ANCE WHO HAD LEFT FOR INDIA.

And is this then
Thy face again?
My heart it gladdens fairly;
A blessing be
Still upon thee,
By Him who gives it surely.

I now do find,
This brings to mind,
All that I know of thee;
Thy friendly call,
Thy joke and all,
Thy mirth and social glee.

But thou art gone
Across the zone!
I see thee on the waves,
In gallant ship,
Which o'er them trip—
Thy God he still thee saves.

I see thee look,
To this old nook,
With face and eye of love;
'Tis for thy friends,
Now left behind;
Thy thoughts they always move.

Peace to thy mind,
For thou was't kind,
And joy be to thy soul;
Those friends so dear,
In humble prayer,
Do wish thee safe and well.

Praise to that art,
The painter's part,
That shows thy form so fair;
And feasts our eyes,
With such a prize,
Since we behold thee here.

ON THE RETURN OF A LONG ABSENT FRIEND.

Wise Solomon said,
When good news are had,
From lands far distant away,
T'was like the stream cool
To a parch'd thristy soul
The pain of such thirst to allay.

But when a sweet friend,
Who is both good and kind,
Has been away absent for long,
And returns safe and sound
To his own native land,
And sits down his kindred among.

O for words; but ah! hush,
Strong affections do rush
Swift as light, that no words can express;
And the labouring soul,
Like overcharged bowl,
Drops a tear in high joy's excess.

LINES,

On wiping my pen with a bit of paper which left the impression of two Kissing Pigeous on it.

The virtues of a pen are yet unsung—untold—What hath it done, what doth it still unfold; Its virtues here by random strokes it proves, Its very wipings made two kissing doves.

On seeing a large tree broken by the wind in the Policies of George Kinloch, Esq. of Kinloch, afterwards M.P. for Dundee.

This occurred in 1819, at the time that Mr. Kinloch was forced to flee his country for speeches delivered on the hustings at Dundee, and which were in 1819 thought treasonable.

Loud blew the tempest-roaring boreal blast, As't swept the bending forest and the waste; The lofty branching ever-blooming oak, Tho' strong it seem'd, was by its thunder broke.

Down fell the mighty tree with crashing sound. And spread its glories on the groaning ground; Ah me! how like thy fate the trunk remains, An emblem of the lord of these domains.

Like to a branching tree here was he found, His sons and lovely daughters blooming all around; Sudden he's swept away, and dare not there be found.

O politic strife,

Fell bane of human life, Ye tore the beauteous fruitful spreading tree, And swept him from the land of his nativity.

Thou British rampant lion what hast thou done?
Thou'st tore away the flesh of thine own son;
For this thoul't weep,
With sorrow deep.

In 1833, Kinloch was returned M.P. for Dundee after he had returned from France, where he had fled for safety.

ON THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN JOHN ROSS,

From his Arctic Expedition in search of a North-wespassage, after an absence of four years.

Thou master of the arctic seas,
With kings thou now shalt sit;
Thou'st brav'd the frosty northern breeze,
For four long years; and yet

Thou strong and healthy dost appear.

Thou hardy vet'ran tar,
A sailor* king now will thee cheer,
For thou'rt renowned afar.

ON CAPTAIN ROSS'S MARRIAGE, Which took place about a year after he came home.

A sailor king then did him love,
And honour as a Mars;
Yet nought but lady's love can please,
These blythsome Jackie Tars.

ON THE PARISH KIRK OF CRAIL.

Suggested by its getting some repairs, and a new Weathercock.

The kirk of Crail, I know it well, It ancient is and fair; It's arches good, have nobly stood, For many a hundred year.

^{*} King William the Fourth was bred a sailor.

Within thy dome, among the throng, Has many a soul been fed, By pastor meek, with words so sweet, Given by the one great Head.

And hirelings, too, have been in you,
And popery corrupt;
And hypocrite, with deep deceit,
Have set unhallowed foot.

Though thou art old, thou'rt firm and bold,
Though top decay'd of late;
But thou'rt repair'd, by town and laird.
Besides, upon thy pate,

The famous bird, who's crow was heard, By a delinquent's ear; And pierc'd so deep, that made him weep, And shed repentant tear.

ON A SILVER MEDAL

Being presented to the Crail Golfing Society, by David Lindsay, Esq. of Lochton.

EXTEMPORE.

Thou medal fair.
Of silver pure,
Becoming for a present;
In value more—
Keep it therefore—
On his account who gave it.

He loves the game—
For so says fame—
His soul is great, I'm sure o't;
So gen'rous he
Will always be—
Estates he must inherit.

To golfing this
A stimulus is,
To win it a great honour;
'Tis better far
Than bowl or jar;
Thrice happy be the donor.

ON THE NEW YEAR,

1st January, 1839.

The great Author of all,
Made this terrestrial ball,
And we're made lords in his love;
Made the changes of time,
That are felt in each clime,
And eheer us as onward they move.

He who made us can tell,
Our nature so well,
And what is befitting doth give,
On this varied globe,
And cloth'd in fine robe—
There is plenty for all that do live.

Then let us enjoy,
Not be shy or too coy,
But be cheerful as onward we move;
For if He who is wise,
Made this earth such a prize,
How glorious is Heaven above!

ANOTHER

Our time is agoing,
Then what are we doing
In business or what may befall?
Another year's gone,
Then what have we done,
For this earth, for Heaven, or for Hell?

On Mr. Ritchie of the Star Hotel, Montrose, giving a handsome dinner to a party of forty Gentlemen, on the first day of the New Year 1841.

At forty a man's strong if healthy,
And so has the year Forty been;
The summer was genial and healthy,
The harvest the best we have seen.

And now that the year is concluded, And Forty-one just now begun, Of pleasure we are not denuded, Nor grudged some harmless fun.

The social board while surrounding,
The fruits of the earth for to taste,
In speech, toast, and song still abounding
Both body and mind get a feast.

In splendid Star Inn we are treated
By its youthful and gen'rous host;
May he and the Star still keep shining,
And this we all wish in a toast.

ON MONTROSE.

Sweet beauteous Montrose,
It can vie with the rose,
It's High Street is spacious and fair;
Fully sixty yards broad,
And pavement so good,
With its Bridge no one can compare.

It's Links are so fine,
And always so green,
In Scotland none better are found;
Extensive in space,
And fit for the race,
And for golfing an excellent round.

It's river and tide, There is nought can exceed. it's site is like Venice of old;
In the ocean it stands,
Good shipping commands;
It's merchants are rich in fine gold.

It's ladies so sweet,

Trip neatly the street;

Much better—they're virtuous and kind;

It's tradesmen are brave,

Do always behave,

And some are of excellent mind.

With its Steeple so high,
Stretching up to the sky,
It's Town-hall and Arcade so neat:
I'll adventure to say,
That go where you may,
You'll not find a town more complete.

An Asylum* good,
Which always has stood,
The first in our fair Scottish land;
A new Refuge† house,
Did good Dorward produce—
It is equall'd by none in the land.

An Infirmary, too,
And churches not few;
And, nearly built, a grand banking-house;
A Museum fine,
Will yet far outshine
All others in amusement and use.

^{*} Lunatic Asylum.

[†] Dorward's House of Refuge.

But our Wet-Dock effort
Is of mighty import,
And which now is in progress so far;
It soon finish'd will be,
And then shout shall we,
As they do in a victory of war.

For this to our town,
Is a very great boon.
God bless and preserve its great makers;
And the good tradesmen all,
Though now in some thrall,
In joy shall yet be partakers.

Our teachers of youth,
To tell you the truth,
Are men of worth every one;
Our ministers, too,
Their duty aye do,
Respected and lov'd to a man.

Now charming Montrose,
I in thee repose,
From me thou shalt have all that I can;
A stranger in thee,
I fill'd was with glee—
Such kindness my heart does trepan.

So much for the town,
But the scen'ry roun',
Ah me! it defies my weak pen;
You must come and see,
And then you'll agree,
That the half can't be told even then.

THE MONTROSE ANNUAL GOLFING DINNER,

At which among others were present, the Rev. Mr. Hill of Logie, Captain Bertram, Captain M'Neill, Messrs. Calvert, Burnes, Mason, Robertson, and many others.

The galaxy above,

Any poet would move,

And I being present much more;

Such manners complete,

To see was a treat,

I never saw better before.

Each one play'd their part,
At the golfing art—
Brave Bertram the medal did gain;
Gallant Mason stood firm,
Such play was a charm,
It's like you might look for in vain.

Learn'd Calvert was there,
Of majestic air;
And so was Peninsular M'Neill;*
A gentleman sweet,
Whose manner's a treat,
Good soldier, keen golfer as weel.

Ingenious Burnes,
Of lively address—
Mr. Robertson in Buttergask,

' Captain M'Neill bravely fought in the Peninsular War.

Of golfing the pride, That won't be denied, It's history to us did unmask.

Many others were there,
Who blythely did share,
Reason's feast and the flow of the soul;
Each well tim'd remark,
Sent forth a bright spark,
More cheering by far than the bowl.

ON QUEEN VICTORIA COMING OF AGE.

The eyes of all are turned to thee,
Yet who can tell what thou shalt be!
Thou'rt highly born, of royal blood,
Thou'rt highly taught in manners good;
But never maid below the sky,
Had earthly prospects half so high.
Shall at thy feet the nations bow.?
There's none on earth more high than thou.
Thy life prolong'd, thou com'st to this.
May thee the Highest truly bless.

ON QUEEN VICTORIA'S MARRIAGE, 10th February, 1840.

Victoria, our Queen,
She is lovely I ween,
She is noble in mein without art;

Why speak we of cash, Since that is but trash, Compar'd to the man of her heart.

A handsome young prince,
I have been told since,
Attracted her love and regard;
She gave him a hint,
He knew what she meant,
And gave her his heart, says the bard.

This night they are wed,
No more must be said,
A sweet honeymoon they'll enjoy;
May Heaven them bless,
'Tis all our good wish,
And give them both girl and boy.

OUR YOUNG PRINCESS.

21st Nov. 1840.

Such poetic fire,
O! now, I'd require,
For our new-born Princess's birth;
The fruit of true love,
Is from Heaven above—
Like an angel she's come to this earth.

On being asked to make a few lines on the Annual Golfer's

Ball in Crail.

Our golfer's grand ball
In splendid Town Hall,
No pleasure on earth can exceed.
For our ladies were good,
And show'd their high blood,
Fine persons, kind looks, there indeed.

Sweet music us cheer'd,
We'd never have tir'd—
And sorry were we for to part.
I think of it yet,
And I'll ne'er forget—
Such blessings! my heart; oh, my heart!

ON THE LOSS OF A HAT.

Spoken extempore at the request of the gentleman who lost it at the above Ball.

Ah! me for my hat,
What think ye of that;
I lost it at Crail's charming ball—
But many one there
Worse fate had to share,
For hearts there were lost mostly all.

ON THE DEATH OF TWO SISTERS.

They are gone, and we soon must follow! No more I call at their house. No more can I in my wonted place tell the joke, or narrate the story, that might cause the smile, or induce the more noisy laughter. No more we there discuss ordinary or more grave subjects. No more will they there ply their industry, with their pupils and dames around them. No more shall I admire the garment or bonnet put together so tastefully by their hands. No more shall I hand round the goodies, and receive the smiles and thanks, that far outpaid the moiety. No more shall I sit at that well-known window, and view my own dwelling. And both so quickly gone! It is as if a house had fallen;—the thought gives me pain. I pass it not without looking up, and everything rushes upon my memory.

AN ACROSTIC, On —— Johnston, Esq. Arbroath.

Johnston's a name which has been well known to fame, Of Literature one was a friend;
Now the Johnston I see, may be as good as he—So young, so brisk, and jocund.
To me he's unknown, but what's that, I own;
Oh I wish him much bliss I am sure.
No evil betide, till he get him a bride—Each heart shall be happy and pure.
So long as you live, true Scotsman you'll prove, Quick sighted as love, to look ere you move.

On the Highland and Agricultural Society's Show, at Aberdeen, 1840.

All Scotia's sons may well be proud,
And rise and sing and shout aloud,
In such a scene as this;
For lords and men of all degree,
Combine and wisely do agree,
To give a stimulus
To Agriculture's noble powers,
On men such blessings aye it showers;
The Queen herself must yield;
And Princes too, and Nobles all,
Though they have servants at their call,
Must live by flood and field.

SONG,

On Buonaparte's Campaign in Russia, in 1812.

Tune-" Ewie wi' the crooked horn."

"War is a game, were subjects wise, Kings would not play it."—Cowper.

There was a war into the north,
It's like was never seen in troth,
For Buonaparte he went forth,
Wi' thousands mair nor ane or twa.*

More than five hundred thousand men went with Buonaparte.

To fight the Russians was his aim,
He thought he'd soon subjected them;
But how his legions they did tame,
I soon will tell you 'bout it a'.

A Russian winter's cauld I trew,
The Frenchmen looked very blue,
Which made them sair the day to rue,
That frae their hame they cam awa.

Oh dear, says Bonny, lat me hame, And I will ne'er come back again; But Sandy* says, I'll teach you game, I never bade ye come awa

Then Bonny got a Russian sledge,
To drive him over ditch and hedge;
The Russians I'll nae mair engage,
Since now frae them I've won awa.

And when he unto Paris came,
They asked at him whaurs a' your men?
Oh dear, says he, I dinna ken,
For I was fain to win awa.

When I think on the carnage done,
Near by fam'd Borodino's town;

My heart it makes a heavy moan,

They brothers were baith ane an' a'.

^{*} Alexander, Emperor of Russia.

[†] At the Battle of Borodino, eighty thousand men were left dead on the field of battle.

Oh weep ye fair and softer train,
Oh weep for French and Russians slain;
The bold and bravest of brave men,
Although they fought they there did fa'.

ON THE GREAT NASSAU BALLOON.

When Franklin the Great,
Of the American State,
Was asked by one like a clown;
(When first it was made,
And in the air tried),
Of what use was an air balloon?
He quickly replied—
Nor seemed as in pride,
An infant may grow a great man.

But had be now liv'd,
And seen it improv'd,
So as to fly o'er the Continent wide;
He would see this said child,
As a man now revealed,
As big's o'er the ocean to stride.

And who can yet say,
But on some future day,
Ballooning may so be improved;
As that guide it they can,
With sail, screw, or fan,
As a ship by the rudder is mov'd.

SONG.

Och hie! Rulers a',
Ye're no the thing ye sud hae been.
Ye promis'd for to mend the law,
An' that's the thing ye haena dune.

We've waited lang wi' anxious hope,
Our heart was sair, our purse was toom;
Gin we hae gloom'd and lookit sour,
Ye only hae yoursels to blame.

Ye sinecures ye'll get a fa'—
Nae mair you'll pouch our eash agen;
We'll equallize our pension law,
And justice do 'tween man and man.

ON PRAYER.

"How much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask it."

ENCOURAGING, blessed, and heart-cheering words to every guilty child of Adam. Though no other words were used by the sincere heart (which has been made aware of the unspeakable value of this great blessing), than "Give, O give Thy Holy and Blessed Spirit as Thou hast promised; O Thou Great Eternal." These or similar words used, or offered up, by the honest and faithful heart at the Throne of Grace will there be

heard, and will be more effectual than volumes of unmeaning phrases, where the heart, the understanding, and the affections are but little or not at all engaged. How foolish and unwise is it to use a lengthened string of vain repetitions! Let us but feel in our hearts that we are in want of and much need such and such blessings; let us continue to urge these in faith and with fervency, and they will be answered in this way. Every Christian prays without ceasing, and that in all places and at all times, though but in broken sighs and half sentences. Our Heavenly Father does not need or require to be moved to bestow blessings upon us, but we require to be much and often moved to receive these precious blessings-and prayer is appointed for this purpose; and, when our hearts are moved to pray, in the very asking we receive those blessings our hearts have been moved to ask. Though our weak minds can take in but little at a time, still the field of prayer is very extensive, and the Sacred Word is our directory. Solomon says "when thou eatest with a ruler consider what is before thee." We may say, when thou kneelest down to pray to God, consider whom thou art addressing. Were we permitted to approach an earthly throne and address him who sat upon it, we would present our petitions, in order and with reverence and earnestness; much more should we do so when we approach an heavenly throne. The word prayer means a request, desire, or entreaty; but when speaking of prayer to God, we include adoration, confession of sin, petition, and thanksgiving.

On hearing the Rev. Doctor Keith of St. Cyrus give an Account of his Visit to the Holy Land, and the projected scheme for the Conversion of the Jews.

Hail! Doctor Keith,
Thou man of faith—
God speed thy Christian purpose;
My heart is warm'd—
I'm wholly charm'd,
To hear thee of them speak thus.

Thy godly zeal,
Doth please us well,
And thy eyesight description,
Of the Holy Land,
And places round,
Show prophets no deception.

The time's at hand,
When ev'ry land
Shall reverence the Jew;
For they shall turn—
Their love shall burn,
To Him their fathers slew.

ANECDOTE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

There is a well authenticated anecdote told of Oliver Cromwell, perhaps not generally known, which I shall relate as near as I can remember. When his army was encamped near the city of Perth, one of his courtiers, named Monday, hanged himself, from what cause is not said. Oliver gave out that the person who should make the best lines of poetry relative to the catastrophe should be handsomely rewarded by him. Many, of course, tried their poetic skill, both for the sake of the reward promised, and also for the purpose of ingratiating themselves into the good graces of the then allpotent Cromwell. The successful candidate turned out to be a humble shoemaker in the city of Perth, and his preferred and honoured lines were as follow:—

Now blessed be the Sabbath day, And curs'd be warldly pelf; Now Tuesday must begin the week, Since Monday's hang'd himself.

These lines pleased Cromwell so well, that he not only rewarded the shoemaker, but also announced that no shoemaker, henceforward, should be obliged to work on Monday, which, in many places is adhered to, and by many who, perhaps, do not know its origin.

ON INGRATITUDE.

How shall I approach such an ungracious subject? To call a man ungrateful is to give him the worst of names; and if any one deserves the name, his character cannot be called good. Though this subject is unpleasant to follow out, yet a few words on the matter

may be useful. If we could picture the hideous monster in all the many deformities and sly insinuations, by which he would screen himself from his odious name, or endeavour to take to himself another name that sounds softer, such as forgetfulness, taking care of one's self, or providing for one's own family, charity beginning at home, keeping your own place in the world, doing to others only as they have or would have done to me, and many other flimsy excuses; whereas, his true character is selfish, avaricious, covetous, proud, unfeeling, voluptuous, unmerciful, &c. But, hold! says my reader, are you entirely free from all ingratitude yourself, when you would thus endeavour to expose it? I answer, where is the man that can, or dare, say, with truth, that he is entirely free from sin, or even this particular sin, in all cases? But this ought not to deter us from writing and striving against all evils, either in ourselves or others, and resisting, even into bloodstriving against sin. Every one, no doubt, is apt to be partial to themselves, and to think that they are less guilty than their neighbour, and here we may perceive the beauty of Burns' wish-

> O would some power the giftie gie us, To see oursels as others see us. It would frae mony a blunder free us.

Characters appear in their true light, and to the greatest advantage or disadvantage, when placed in contrast the one with the other. I recollect, in reading Joseph's history in the sacred volume, that the chief butler remembered not Joseph, but forgot him. Here the in-

gratitude of this man at once flashes upon our minds, and we wonder still more that he could so soon forget one of so amiable a character as Joseph was, and who had so lately relieved his mind from the most painful anxiety, and the deepest gloom. Joseph's modest request was merely to be kept in remembrance; and here I cannot help naming the words with which Joseph urged his request:-" For indeed I was stolen from the Hebrews, and also here have I done nothing worthy of imprisonment." But this blind butler, and perhaps still more blinded by the glare of a court, could not perceive the beauty and true nobility of Joseph's mind, which the greatest cruelty, the rankest injustice, and even slavery itself, could not degrade. Who would not wish to have such dispositions as Joseph had, and such a character; and who does not equally abhor the conduct of many he came in contact with? But he overcame evil with good, and was the means of changing the dispositions of his brethren; and perhaps by Joseph's goodness the character of this forgetful butler was changed also, for he says, I remember my faults. One evil person destroyeth much good. When Joseph was exalted to power and authority, and made ruler of the land, we do not hear him retaliating upon, or even blaming, those who had used him so cruelly and unjustly. A noble example for all, to bury in oblivion real or supposed injuries they may have experienced at the hands of fellow, frail, and sinful mortals. The above case of ingratitude shown by Pharaoh's butler, may serve as an example of worldly-minded, place-seeking, proud,

and ignorant men in all ages of the world. As I am best acquainted with sacred history, I therefrom take my examples, both of good and bad characters, although profane history affords numerous instances of the basest and blackest ingratitude, and also of the contrary principle—the most magnanimous gratitude. To those who are acquainted with history of nations, many of these will readily occur to their memory. An acquaintance of mine used to call out most lustily, and sometimes very bitterly, against some who had, as he supposed, practised ingratitude against him, to such a degree, as brought him to severe losses. Hold, says another, is it not wrong of you so to to hate your fellows? 'I hate not,' retorted the other, 'But I do, and I hope ever will hate their practices.' This well timed retort I did admire. Is it possible then to hate the evil practices of fellow-men, and yet love their persons? Parents who have disobedient sons can best answer this question. Take the example of King David and his son Absalom, though he rebelled against him, and sought to take his kingdom, and even his life, David, though he hated his principles, and his practices also, yet still he loved the man, yea, even to such an extent, as to say with tears, that he could have died for him. Every one knows the beautiful and pathetic words of King David, which makes so fine an anthem-" O Absalom, would to Heaven I had died for thee. O Absalom, my son, my son." Let us then call out as much as we may or can, against the cvil monster, Ingratitude, and endeayour to chase him away, both from ourselves and

others; but let us beware of ever hating even the meanest of our fellow creatures, or even those who may have injured us. The Jews, as a people distinguished by Heaven, had great blessings conferred on them, and many most wonderful things done for them; yet, notwithstanding all, they were ungrateful to the God of all their mercies. Witness their general conduct in the wilderness-their discontent-their murmurings and complainings, and finally their unbelief and mistrust of Gods faithful promises, and, to crown all, their rejection of, and killing the Lord of Life. For these they were, and are still severely punished; and while they are at present a standing evidence and confirmation of the truth of Christianity, they are at the same time a warning to all, that sin shall not go unpunished, and particularly that greatest of all sins, and the highest of all ingratitudes, the rejection of eternal life through the atonement of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. To be ungrateful to our fellows is bad, and more so, if they have done us good in any particular way: but ingratitude to the God of all our many mercies is still much worse; but those who are grateful and thankful to God, and who every day pour out their thanksgivings at the throne of grace, are generally found to be also thankful and kind to their fellows.

FASHIONS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THERE are, I fear, few of my readers who remember the customs and fashions of the aged people about fifty years back; and there are not many who, having the remembrance of scenes about that time, would be at the trouble to describe them. For the sake of my younger readers, I enter upon the task. To enable me to do so, I intend giving a description of the personal appearance of my grandmother, then about eighty years of age, and a few details regarding the proceedings of those around her. The scenes I allude to, having occurred when I was about ten years of age, I have to apologise for any want of accuracy which they may contain; but my intention is to be as correct as possible.

The head-dress at this period (1796 to 1898), as well as I can remember, was the most important feature of a female's dress; and its highly curious appearance always attracted my attention. A bunch of hair called a tap, placed immediately on the top of the brow, and formed by a cushion being laid on the forepart of the head, and the hair turned back upon it, was thought very graceful, (making a bunch of smooth shining hair, about the size of a person's fist.) "Braw lasses" not unfrequently sported one twice as lofty. Besides, many of the real "dandies" of this period wore this head ornament finely powdered. I remember well of one of our neighbours (a farmer's daughter) calling on my mother, who had a tap four inches high, powdered, with a mutch having a very

broad lace border. This was supposed to be a stylish dress. Besides this was put on the *close mutch*, the peculiar feature of which was, its being brought very near the face, and tied under the chin. "Braw lasses" had lawn borders, and "ladies" had French lace ones. Having been brought up to a point over the *tap*, it was then termed a *cockernony*. Allan Ramsay refers to it in his "Gentle Shepherd," when he says—

"I'll consent and marry Pate,
And then my cockernony,
He's free to touzle air and late;
The corn rigs are bonny."

My grandmother, before her decease, wore the close mutch, her tap having disappeared, on account of her age; over it, however, she used to wear what was called a "toy mutch," which consisted of something like a towel, doubled, and pinned below the chin, with the two ends hanging down the back. She used also, on some occasions, to wear a hood of black silk or velvet. It was made to fit the head closely, and was tied under the chin. I am unable to describe minutely the shape of the gowns then worn; but I remember distinctly that light check aprons were much in vogue, which gave the wearers a very lightsome appearance.

The occupation of females then was entirely different from what it is now. Spinning, by the hand, was almost exclusively the employment of all who were not engaged in household affairs. "The rock and the wee pickle tow," and "the rock and the spinnel," were favourite expressions. In illustration of the manners of

these days, I may remark, that my grandmother on her visiting my mother's house (which was about half a mile distant), generally brought her distaff and spindle; and, walking at a slow pace, spun her yarn all the way; but it was only old people who used them in this way. A description of the articles used in spinning may not be uninteresting to my younger readers. So far back as the days of Solomon, the distaff and spindle seem to have been in use; but in this country, the names applied to the same instruments, are the rock and the spindle. The rock is similar to a walking staff, about one half of which is round, the other square. On the square end, the flax or lint was put. The spindle, or spinnel, as it is often termed in old books, is formed of a piece of hardwood, about a foot in length, and brought to a point at both ends. A whorle, or ring, composed of stone or other heavy material, was placed in the middle of it, to make it weighty, and continue its running after the impetus was given. I may here explain that on the top of the spindle was an oblique notch for the purpose of fixing the thread as it was spun. When the flax was placed upon the head of the distaff, the latter was put into a latch or belt about the waist, near the right breast, the top of the distaff, or rock, leaning over the bught of the left arm. Thus placed, a small thread attached to the rock was taken and fixed to the top of the spindle. The top of the spindle was then taken into the left hand and placed in a slanting position across the right thigh, and a smart rub upward being given, so as to make it

spin or whirl, after its being let go by the left hand, dangling in a brisk whirling position at the end of the thread. In the meantime the other hand is employed in pulling and spinning more thread from the flax on the distaff, and when the spindle has reached the floor, or ground, it is lifted up again by the right hand and the middle of the thread held in the mouth and left hand, and by the right hand rolled round the spindle immediately above the whorle or ring; and so snieved again (as the whirling or rubbing of it on the right thigh is called). When the spindle becomes heavy enough, by the weight of the yarn on it, the whorle is taken off, and so it is said in the tale of the Piper of Peebles.*

"Lang en' o' nights they countit haff, When spinels cuist their whorls aff."

The reel on which the yarn was reeled was a stick about three-fourths of a yard long with another stick placed transversly across each end of it. This was held in the left hand, while the right one brought the yarn from the spindle over the transverse ends, up and down like winding a clue, counting the threads at the same time and tying them up when numbered, and so on. The rock and spindle are simple instruments; but many a web, I may say thousands or millions of webs, of fine linen has been made through their instrumentality. I make no doubt but a rock and spindle may be found in some parts of our country still. Had the wonderful effects of our spinning mills been told to our progenitors, what would they have said or thought!

^{*} See Additional Pieces, by various authors, at the end of the work.

ANECDOTE OF THE POET WATTS.

When a mere boy, in his father's house, he was in the habit of turning everything said to him or that he said to others into poetry. His father was much annoyed at this, and often reproved him, adding, You'll never be anything but a poor poet all your days. The reproofs were all in vain—he still went on as before. From reproofs the father came to blows; and one day he was whipping him rather severely, the boy looked up very piteously, and repeated, or rather made the following lines:—

"Dear father, do thy stripes refrain,
I'll never do the like again."

The father, perceiving, at length, the genius of poetry had taken complete possession of his nature, saw the uselessness of any more whipping, and so gave it over.

A PRAYER.

O Thou Almighty Creator of all things—Thou God of the spirits of all flesh, we do adore Thee! Thou, O Lord, alone art the God of Salvation—Thou art the God of Abraham—the God of Isaac, and of Jacob—the God and Father of our blessed Lord and Sa-

viour, Jesus Christ, the great I AM. This is thy name and this thy memorial to all generations. would approach thy throne of grace with the deepest awe and reverence of thy majesty upon our spirits, and humbly confess before thee that we are guilty, and defiled by sin. With shame and compunction of soul, do we acknowledge our utter unworthiness before thee. O be merciful to us sinners! Behold we are vile-what shall we answer before thee? Though thou didst plant us a poble vine, and wholly a right seed, we have become the degenerate plant of a strange vine unto thee; and it is because thy compassions fail not, that we are not in that place where thy mercies are unknown. We do give thanks, and rejoice before thee, that, notwithstanding of our guilt, thou hast so loved us, as to open up a way for our repentance, and return to thy love and mercy, through the atonement of our blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Eternal thanks be to rich and sovereign grace, for the hope of eternal life through Him who loved us. Lord, we believe: help thou our unbelief. O give thy Holy Spirit as thou hast promised, to deliver us from an evil heart of unbelief, and fill us with joy and peace in believing. Give thy Holy Spirit as the spirit of grace and supplication, that we may be enabled to present our prayers before thee in that way which thou requirest. O deliver us from sin! Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Deliver us from presumption. Deliver us from despair. Deliver us

from our own evil hearts, that are deceitful and wicked. Deliver us from the wiles of the Evil One, and save us in the evil hour. O give us strength to walk circumspectly. Give us grace to put on the whole armour of God, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, the sword of the Spirit, having our feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace. May we be kept by thy Almighty Hand, through faith, to everlasting sal-O give us power to adorn the doctrine of him who loved us; and may his love abide and grow in our hearts, even that mighty love which passeth knowledge. We do embrace in our prayers all who love our God in sincerity. We do humbly present our prayers for all the great family of mankind. May thy blessed Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ come to them all, and his blessed name be as extensively known as it is needed.' Remember thy Covenant, and visit the dark places of the earth that are full of the habitations of horrid cruelty. O remember thine ancient people the Jews, the seed of Abraham, thy friend. May the Deliverer come out of Zion and turn away ungodliness from Jacob. Thou didst bestow many and precious blessings on them. Thou hast punished them because of sin. In mercy gather and bless them with the knowledge and love of him who has come in the name of the Lord to save them and us together. We, according to thy command, pray for kings and all in authority. Greatly bless and save our Queen, her consort, and the young child thou hast given them. Do thou abundantly

bless all the household of faith in all parts of the earth. Increase our faith; increase our numbers; and increase our zeal for the honour and glory of our Great Redeemer and the spread of his kingdom. In mercy and compassion unite thy true and faithful people in love. We do, with shame and deep sorrow, lament the many divisions that exist among us: and we humbly pray that these may be removed. O stir up, in mercy, the hearts of all who know and love the truth and walk under its influence. To unite in love, may we come over all-the mountains of differences and oppositions, and show such a love to one another that shall make all the world see, know, and believe that our blessed Lord has been sent by God, the Father, and is the only Saviour of mankind. O Glorious Redeemer, may the mighty wonders of thy love be thus displayed by the influence of the Holy Spirit, which thou didst send in the day of Pentecost, and which thou hast promised still to send. We do rejoice in hope that thou wilt remove out of the way that which letteth or hindereth the union of thy people and the more glorious spread of the blessed Gospel of our Lord. O God of Salvation, put it into the hearts of thy people to labour more earnestly and show forth more clearly the truth in its love and beauty. Send thou, in mercy and in love, many labourers into thy harvest. May all thy beloved people see and know that they are called to be labourers in thy harvest for the salvation of one another. Grant that we may be enabled, O God of Grace and

Love, to express our thanksgivings before thy throne of grace and mercy for the countless mercies and precious blessings bestowed on us by thy all-bountiful hand. Our goodness, O Eternal, reacheth not unto thee; yet, in mercy, accept the unfeigned thanks and grateful acknowledgement of all thy mercies and goodness by us unutterable. Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift Christ Jesus, the Lord of Life and Glory. Thanks be unto God for the hope of eternal life through him who loved us at such an amazing rate as to give his life for us. O may his love ever abide in us, transforming us more and more into his glorious image. Thanks be unto God for the gift of his Holy Spirit. Our souls, O Lord, are overcome with wonder and gratitude at thy overpowering goodness to children so wicked and rebellious as we have been. O may we henceforth abide in thy love. Thou art the great author of our life and of the hourly blessings we receive from thy inexhaustible bounty. Thine, O God, is the food we eat, and the raiment wherewith we are clothed. Thine are all the blessings of society we have or can enjoy. O give us the use of all thy mercies and blessings, to thy glory, whether we eat or drink or whatever we do. O guide us more and more to know, to love, and do thy will, as the angels do in heaven; and when thou hast served thy wise purposes with us in this world, receive us into thy glory and thy everlasting kingdom. Do thou enable us, at all times, to pray, as our Divine Redeemer has taught us, saying,

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, both now and for ever. AMEN.

ON EVIL SPEAKING.

"Nor yet against his neighbour doth
Take up an ill report."—David.

When we hear any person speaking evil of another, we should only believe the one half of what is said, and give the person, uttering the slander, a gentle reproof for uttering the other half; and, if we dare adventure, an admonition not to do the like again. It would be difficult to calculate the mischief and hurt that is done by evil speaking; but they who believe the evil report are as guilty as they who utter it, if not more so. So says David, as above. If few or none would take up an ill report of their neighbour, the evil reporters would get out of employ. No slanderous report should be taken up or believed, without the most strict inquiries, and the best of proof; and even then we should be ready to palliate, as much as possible, the faults or errors of our neighbour. But some may say,

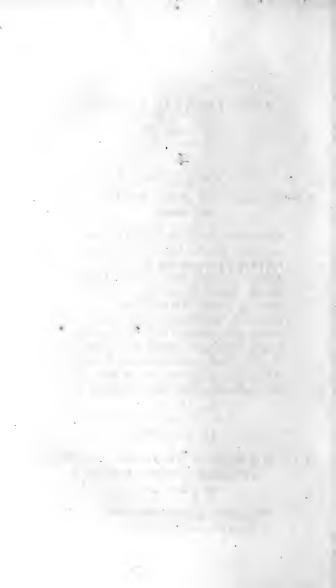
who is my neighbour? Here we may take a wide range, and take in the whole human family. We are all the sons and daughters of Adam, and when we traduce any one, it must be a brother or sister. When any one on the face of the earth, however distant their abode is from mine, does well, I am honoured and also benefited by it; and, according to the same reasoning, when any one does evil, I am dishonoured, hurt, and in some way the worse for it. If we think we are good. and build ourselves up in our own goodness, and say, with the proud Pharisee, "I am not as other men," and if we are not afflicted by and grieved at the sins of others, we have not yet learned the true spirit of Christianity. Instead, then, of speaking evil of our brother or sister, and seemingly taking pleasure in relating and exaggerating the faults and crimes of others, let us look at the evil of our own hearts, and, while we lament these evils, exert ourselves, in every possible way, to lessen, mitigate, or prevent these evils. It was a good saying of one, when asked to join in traducing another, " If I cannot speak good, I shall at least speak evil of no one." Let us think, therefore, and think and think again, how much we are connected with and concerned in the good or bad, the welfare or ill-fare, the salvation or condemnation, of our fellow creatures; and it must arouse our dormant or even adamantine hearts to direct our utmost energies to accomplish the destruction of sin, both in ourselves and others. Our evil hearts are all desperately wicked, and Satan, our common enemy, is powerful and cunning; but we have a captain stronger than he. Under this captain, as brave Christian soldiers, let us fight boldly, and let love to him and love to our brethren of mankind be our watchword, and the motto on our banners; for no life is pleasing to God, but that which is useful to man. Let much of our energies be directed against the foul, low, ruinous, withering, destructive, deformed, hideous, hurtful monster, evil speaking.



ADDITIONAL PIECES,

WRITTEN FROM MEMORY

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.



ADDITIONAL PIECES,

&c.

AN ACROSTIC.

A Tribute to the worth of Mr. Alex. Low (Author of the Work).

As a bright star amid the dazzling throng,
Lov'd Low appears; his tale and witty song
EXcels in kindness, charity and peace,
And wins our spirits from each strange caprice.
Now friends, now foes, now ladies ever fair,
Drink dry his pen. His never tiring care
Exhausts his mind in boundless love to man—
Right reigns triumphant in his Christian plan.
Long may he live! Let ladies fair and gay,
Or social friends, continue to inspire his lay;
While harmony and truth, and wit galore,
And health and wealth increase in endless store.

AN ACROSTIC.

A Tribute of Respect to Wm. Dorward, Esq. Founder of the House of Refuge, Montrose.

BY A MONTROSIAN.

While others praise the social soul, Invitings oft, and festive bowl, Let me devote my feeble pen—
Let me compose a humble strain
In praise of him who to the poor,
At once gave food and open door.
May old and young, with rapt'rous tongue.
Declare his fame in speech or song.
O grant him comfort—give him peace—
Renew his strength as years increase.
When Thy time comes, O God of Love,
Assist him to thy realms above.
Revere his name, both friends and foes—
Dear should he be to fair Montrose.

THE PIPER OF PEEBLES.

(A VERY OLD TALE.)

Twa hunder years and mair sin syne,
When fashions were na near so fine;
When common folk had scrimper skill,
And gentles scarce had wealth at will;
When nane but meadow girse was mawn,
And nane but hemmed lintseed sawn;
When lint was beaten wi' the mell,
And ilka ane sung't it to themsel';
When sarks were stark, and no that saft,
And senal worn wi' washin' aft;
And some had ane and some had twa,
And mony ane had nane awa;
When wives wi' rocks and spinels span,
And brawest lasses used nae can;

When lasses wi' their rocks gaed out To ane anither night about, A full lang mile o' grun', and mair, Sometimes no very free of fear: Lang en' o' nights they countit haff, When spinels cuist their whorls aff; Aye and upwards near the tap They liked aye a bulky knap, Wi' threads cross-breadth'd, ave to defend The rest frae revelin' o'er the end; On hand-reels syne they reel'd the yarn, Before the use o' wheel or pirn. Wi' double downcomes, gig and whap, And scores, and so forth, as exact As reels can count, that's made to chack. When knocked bear was Sunday's kail, And folk in pots brew'd buthel ale; When men wi' gray heads play'd billie bracks Wi' youngsters round about the stacks; Mixt men, wives, lads, and lasses too, And herds had neither hose nor shoe. But a' thing has a time atweel, A time to flourish, time to fail, So to the tenor of my tale.

About this time, by South Kinghorn, A country laird became forlorn, Wi' bags o' debt, a burden sair For ony honest mind to bear. He's daily dogg'd, and dun'd, and dav'd, Wi' creditors, that claiming crav'd; He tint the heart, and couldna eat, Wi' melancholy, half his meat;

Which made him dream o' prisons grim, And dreary dungeons, dark and dim. His friends forsook him, when they saw His wealth on wings had flown awa'. The large estates, which his forbears Possess'd for some five hundred years, Free as the water frae the well, He saw he shortly buit to sell, And be, alas! a laird nae mair.

When blest religion bade him try
To fix his mind on things on high,
That wad endure, when earth and sea,
And sun and moon, should cease to be-

Which he did; but the devil was displeased at this, and appeared to the laird on a fine black horse, and tried to entrap him. Accordingly, one night, when the laird was taking a solitary walk, and reading his bible,

A man cam ridin', wondrous braw, Upon a horse as black's a craw. The siller bells they winsome hang At his horse mane, and sweetly rang; And yet, for a' his princely pride, He had nae servant for his guide.

He accosted the laird, and said he had thousands and more of cash, and meant to lay it out; and would give it to the laird, if, after fifteen years, he would consent to be his servant; and appointed next night, at twelve o'clock, to mee the laird alone. Accordingly, next night,

The stranger, at the hour exact, Brought up the stair, upon his back, As muckle gowd, and rather mair, As wad outweigh twal pecks o' bear; And on the table, large and stout, He pour'd the yellow metal out. In haste, he said, he couldna bide, Ere it was countit, he buit ride; He cou'dna wait, but he might trust The sum was there, exact and just.

Then the cunning devil would have the laird to take blood from his arm, and write with it, that, after fifteen years, he should be his servant. It appears now that the laird had begun to discover he had the devil to deal with, and managed him as follows, according to the story:—

To write wi's bluid he wid na fash,
And yet he fain wad keep the cash;
Then gripping to the money round,
He sternly on the stranger frown'd:
Thou subtile source of every sin,
The earth's the Lord's, and all therein:
In name of my Almighty God,
Then, Satan, to thy black abode.

When the devil saw that he was discovered, he quickly flew off in a flame of brimstone, and shook the house in such a manner as nearly to take the roof of it with him. However, the laird kept the gold, and made a good use of it in paying his debts; and

> Friends came flockin' back wi' speed, Wad help him when he had nae need.

But the laird lived,

Respected much by ane an' a' That kent him a', baith great and sma'.

This is only about the middle of the tale, as the devilhad another bout with the laird, which nearly cost him his life; but the laird at last came off again victor. In this second part of the tale, the piper of Peebles is introduced and described. A country wedding of those days is also well described, with its dinner in the open air, as was the practice at that time; also, a band of tinkers (gipsies) are well depicted; but I have not the poetry of the second part on my memory. I have often sought, but never could find the tale in print again. It is forty years since I saw it. If it is still in print, any errors I have made in what I have repeated of it may be corrected.

SONG.

TUNE-" The rock an' the wee pickle tow."

Blythe Tibbie's black een,
At the kirn of Kilmaur,
O' my sorrow they waur the beginnin' o't;
I had seen them afore,
And was ne'er ony waur,
And I cudna conceive the meenin' o't.

I've had coughs, caulds, and teethacks, Fits, fevers, an' a'; I've had pains i' my head, like to rive it in twa;
But this funny distress
It is waur nor them a',
And I cudna conceive the meenin' o't.

I put on my best coat,
And I took a stap owr,
Turn'd a pouch outside in i' the clenin' o't,
And in my way there
Lost mysel i' the muir,
And I cudna conceive the meenin' o't.

Speer'd for the gudeman,
Tho' I ken'd he was out;
Sat this way and that way, and then fidged about;
Whiles I try'd a daft word,
But cou'd neer mak it out,
And I cudna conceive the meenin' o't.

When she saw I was dum',
She sat down to her wheel,
Na dou't at a loss for the meenin' o't;
I said a' the gude spinners,
When wives, aye did weel,
And was glad I had made a beginnin' o't.

Aweel, this ae word
Seem'd to clear out my throat,
So we laugh'd, talk'd, and jok'd, till at last I forgot
A' my sobs and my sighs,
And I'll wager a groat
That now I've found out the meenin' o't.

THE FEMALE MOURNER.

While o'er the climes my course pursuing, Where mental darkness holds her sway, The misery of her empire viewing, I sorrow o'er the cheerless way: But most for hopeless woman's anguish, The sympathetic tear will flow, Her bitter lot through life to languish-The victim of increasing woe. Proud of his might, her friendship scorning. Man holds alone his sullen reign, For all her tender care returning The chilling look of harsh disdain. No kindred soul, with converse cheering, Pours music on the list'ning ear; No kindred soul, with smiles endearing, Wipes from her eye the care wrung tear. In wild dismay, her sad eyes rolling, Trace and retrace the awful gloom, While not a ray of hope consoling Beams o'er the dark and lonely tomb. Saviour! befriend the friendless mourner, Bid all her sad anguish cease; In Zion's spotless robe adorn her, And all her soul shall smile in peace.

THE HAPPY COTTER.

Far from the busy scenes where commerce dwells, And wealth pours in her distant stores,

And art and science lend their various aid To make our isle the envy of the world; In North of Scotland-where the mountain tops, Bleach'd by the winter snows, forbid approach-In humble cottage, dwells a wedded pair, Tho' poor their lot, and mean their fare. Their hearts were form'd of one sweet piece, And half to each was given in that same day In which they fell from their Creator's hand. Their parents, pious, formed their youthful minds In rustic mould, yet pleasures not unknown; In various mirthful sports they each excel, Nor less industrious in their graver hours. Thus did their kindred souls, like woodbine plants, In graceful arbour form'd, till there, By mutual growth, they meet and twine together, So did the kindred souls in strictest harmony And sweetest friendship dwell. At night, when Donald, with his faithful dog, Returns from field—the spindle laid aside, The house was swept, the board was neatly spread, Heaven's blessing ask'd, they take their humble meal; While Trusty, with his watchful eye, And waving tail, express'd his wants In language strong and clear; Nor asks in vain. The even's approach Now asks their weary limbs to rest, But first to heaven they send their humble prayer, Angels attend, and bear the welcome message to the skies. Thus pass'd the week, and preparation made For Sabbath's welcome morn-That sacred day no labour knew-Forth comes the folded clothes from oaken chest.

Heaven hears their song, then to the church they go With cheerful steps, and then, with feeling heart And lifted hands, they own their sin, And plead a Saviour's worth; Nor asks in vain, for Heaven delights to pour Those blessings on the humble poor Denied the proud.

THE BARD'S SPECULATION.

I'm now turn'd of eighty,
But not dull or weighty,
Though fancy perhaps more in shade is;
I've spirits yet strong
For a glass or a song,
And a gay little muse for the ladies.

My musty old croak
Father time has not broke,
Though foe to sweet singing's profession;
To the harsh and the cough
He seems tender enough,
And has left me most ample possession.

Perhaps ne'er before
You saw one of fourscore
A fancy light-hearted fellow;
But I've lived from my birth
Mid the blossoms of mirth,
And they are not yet faded and yellow.

Spleen's pestilent shade
Never cover'd my head,
In a world where there's friendship and beauty;
And this mixture to sooth
Turns all rough into smooth,
And sweetens my heart in its duty.

The best prize that I know,
In life chequer'd below,
Is to live in good hope, without sinning;
Whate'er be our lot,
To taste well what we've got,
And sin not by senseless repining.

This was ever my creed,
And you'll see here indeed
A strong proof that its pleasant and healthy;
Here I sit, as appears,
Where I've sat fifty years,
And outlived all the woeful and wealthy.

C. Morris.

THE MOURNER'S REFUGE.

What can I say to mend thy fate,
Thy spirits how replace;
How ease thy breast from sorrow's weight,
And brighten nature's face?

Man's only art is to persuade, With reason's chastening power; And well I know its feeble aid, In passion's anguish'd hour.

'Tis not on earth thy hopes must rest,
But from above must flow
That magic cordial for the breast,
Men eannot mix below.

Turn then to heaven thy aching brain, Implore a grace divine; Rave not at what the fates ordain, Nor doubt their just design.

Safe is the trust, and fair the plea, When sorrow seeks the skies; And sweet the holy hope must be From power where misery lies.

The hand that binds can like restrain
Thy darken'd bosom's strife;
And throw around thy days again
The light of joy and life.

C. Morris.

THE POWER OF LOVÉ.

No damp that mortal reason throws, Can quench true love's celestial beam; For ever on the breast it glows, And freshens in fond mem'ry's stream.

Through all the varied scenes we see— Through all the joys and toils we share; However coloured life may be, The tender thought is ever there.

Do time and space at distance fling,
Love's weakened hopes, though faintly fed?
Still to the dying heart they cling,
And droop not till the life be dead.

C. Morris.

ON THE BLACK BIRD.

Dweller where the wild blooms wave,
 How sweet must the blest voices be,
 That rise around the throne of him who gave
 So sweet a voice to thee.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW, WORM.

A nightingale, that all day long
Had cheer'd the village with its song,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Nor yet at eve its note suspended,
Began to feel, as well it might,
The keen demand of appetite;
And, looking eagerly around,
It spied far off upon the ground,
A something spinning in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by its spark.
He lighted down from hawthorn top,
And thought to put him in his crop.

The worm, aware of his intent,
Harang'd him thus right elegant:
Did you admire my lamp, quoth he,
As much as I your ministrelsy,
Yon would despise to do me wrong
As much as I to spoil your song.
'Twas the self-same power divine
Taught you to sing and me to shine,
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.
The songster heard this short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Bless'd him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

From this let jarring sectaries learn
Their real interests to discern,
That brother should not war with brother,
To worry and devour each other;
But sing and shine by sweet consent,
Till life's poor transient night is spent;
Respecting, in each other's case,
The gifts of nature and of grace.
Those Christians best deserve the name
Who studiously make peace their aim—
Peace, both the duty and the prize,
Of him that creeps and him that files.

COWPER.

FRAGMENT.

All things are yours (the wrapt Apostle eries), Rejoice in faith, ye destined to the skies; What though in sickly body, faint ye mourn, And though the poor despised outcast is forlorn? If Christ, the Lord, acknowledge you as his, No tongue can tell or heart conceive your bliss; Things here below, and things in worlds unknown; Life, death, and Heaven and earth, are all your own. Behold this world upheld in empty space, By strong attraction drawn, it runs its race; The seasons, each in beauteous order found, Dispensing joy and plenty all around. Behold the wide expanse, the mountains steep, Are clad with flocks and herds-with corn the valleys sweep; The swelling ocean heaves its waves on high, While lakes and rivers far extended lie. For you the earth is with such riches stor'd, For you these precious blessings they afford; And yet, methinks, I hear the humble cry, With Christ I hope to inherit joys on high. For you Isaiah's lips were touched with fire, For you his brethren swept the prophet's lyre; For you his harp the tuneful David strung, While Juda's rocks melodious echoes rung. And when Emmanuel deigned to dwell on earth, For you recorded was his wondrous birth; For you his sorrow, sufferings, death are told, His precious words, to soothe your souls, these books unfold. Ages unborn those wonders shall admire, While joy and gratitude their souls inspire; But the ungodly shun, this world enjoy, And all it luscious sweets the wished for cloy. For them the labouring swain the harvest rears, For them the shepherd whets the sounding shears; On them the crowd their fleeting pains bestow,

And genius bids with life the canvas glow, Behold vice seated in triumphal car. Destruction at his right—before her war; Attending victory shakes his nodding plume, Peace at her feet, lie kingdoms, kings, and crowns, And distant nations tremble as she frowns. Think not with these true peace of mind e'er dwelt, True joy their blood-polluted souls ne'er felt; But keen remorse and self-tormenting care, Distract their souls, though flatterers adore, And makes them wretched midst their splendid store. The Almighty Father that doth rule on high, Looks through this ever changing scene of things, Directs the army's course, the fall of kings; His chosen flock with love by him are view'd, And all things made subservient to their good.

ADVICE TO YOUTH.

By Dr. Armstrong.

Obscene and bought embraces. Wiser thou, Find some soft nymph, whom tender sympathy Attracts to thee: while all her captives else, Aw'd by majestic beauty, mourn aloof. Her charms to thee, by nuptial vows and choice, More sure, devoted. Sacrifice to her The precious hours, nor grudge with such a mate The summer day to toy, or winter's night. Now clasp with dying fondness in your arms

Her yielded waist; now on her swelling breast Recline your cheek; with eager kisses press Her balmy lips, and, drinking from her eyes Resistless love, the tender flame confess— Ineffable but by the murm'ring voice Of genuine joy.

Yet, not to love alone, Yield languid all your hours. The self same cates Still offer'd, soon the appetite offend; The most delicious soonest. Other joys. Other pursuits, their equal share demand Of cultivation. These, with kindly change, Will cheer your sweetly-varied days; from these, With quicker sense you shall, and firmer nerve, Return to love, when love again invites. But those the least neglected which inform With virtue, sense, and elegance, the mind: Those that before were amiable improve, And lend to love new grace and dignity. Life, too, has serious cares, which, madly scorn'd, The means of pleasure melt. And age will come, When love, alas! the flower of human joys, Must shrink in horrid frost!

A NEW SONG.

Tune.—" There grows a bonnie briar bush."
O say, my bonnie lassie,
Will ye be mine?
O tell me bonnie lassie,
Gin ye'll be mine?

page 34, June, "The angels' whisper?"

ERRATA.

Page 25, fourth line from foot of page, for "call themselves Christ," read "call themselves of Christ."

Page 54, fourth line from foot of page, for "healthy," read "swelthy."

Page 56—A foot note should have been inserted with reference to the fifth line from foot of page, stating that there are four or five banking establishments in Montrose.

Page 103, fifth line from foot of page, for " shun," read " sure."

page 34, June, "ofhe angels' anhisper;"

















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